This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

256 f. 2008

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

ENGLISHMAN

IN

PARIS;

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

With Sketches

OF

THE MOST REMARKABLE CHARACTERS

THAT HAVE RECENTLY VISITED

THAT CELEBRATED CAPITAL.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit et ses mœurs.

BOILEAU.

Je ne sais rien appeler que par son nom,
J'appele un chat, un chat, Rollin un Fripon.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1819.

Digitized by Google

T. Lewis, Printer, 53, Minories, London.

Digitized by Google

PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE.

FOUR year's term-keeping at Cambridge concluded by affixing the degree of A. B. to my name. Spending the vacations, either in London, or at the fashionable watering places, together with the addition of a trip to Edinburgh, where I attended the most celebrated professors, gave me another degree—a degree of consequence in

Digitized by Google

my own mind—a certain diploma of self-approbation, which made me think I was an experienced graduate of society—a Batchelor of Hearts. Yet, somehow it happened, that in ordinary circles, I felt an *obnubilation*, nay sometimes a total *eclipse*, by those whom I considered as less bright luminaries than myself; and I was often struck dumb by the preference given, (*always* by the fair sex) to my rivals in the *conversazione*. Scarcely did I enter a circle, or even the *segment* of a circle, without being *put down* by some *unit* of the number who had seen more than myself. This mortified me more than I can express.

How the dear creatures of the softer

Digitized by Google

sex hung upon the words of a set of, what I thought, shallow young men, dressed in military great coats, with the finish of a brass spur, and occasionally with a hirsute trimming to the coat and upper lip. "As we say in the army," cried one; "We military men," added another; "I recollect when we *bivouaced*," said a third; and then such scraps of Spanish, Portuguese and French! all these were found irresistible by dames of taste and condition. *Cosi, cosi, piano, piano*, as we say in Italy; *sin cumplimiento*, as we say in Spain; *nunca jamas, no diga V. M. nada*, as we say at Madrid; *tout au contraire, or tout à vous* (as occasion might serve) as we say in France;—with many foreign etceterus: besides dating events from

Digitized by Google

the siege of Badajos, Salamanca, and the forts, the unfortunate affair of Toulouse, *cum multis aliis,* (as they say at Cambridge) filled every *chasm* in conversation, and left not an interval for poor *I* to put in the most trifling remark. The women, moreover, had such a *rage militaire,* that they talked of nothing but friends on the continent, deaths and wounds of lovers and favorites, *partial engagements, affairs of honour, coups-de-main, sorties, escalades, gorges,* and *counterscarps, breast* works and *bastions,* mines and *explosions, reports* and *retreats, taking up positions, enfilading,* forming of lines, and *turning of flanks,* till their heads were *turned* at the same time, and reason surrendered *not* at *discretion* but at

Digitized by Google

the *first* summons of the lucky son of Mars.

"It must be the red coat," said I, so I took a company in my county militia. "*Militia est potior*," said I; but the *classics* did not assist me here, nor my smattering of *tactics;* and, when I dressed in my *man of war's* clothing, albeit, though I looked comely enough, I found that the *sabre-tasche* and whisker carried all before it, and bore away the prize of beauty from my aspiring grasp. One night I sat at supper betwixt two *dumb belles*, from neither of whom could I elicit a sound; but the moment the *dear dragoons* appeared, they were set a-going, as it is ele-

Digitized by Google

gantly called, like a parish church chime at a feast or an election.

"It is visiting *foreign parts,*" muttered I to myself, "that does all this execution, and gives a man such pre-eminence over his fellows;" so I retreated from the gay assembly, ordered my man to pack up my clothes, and took my departure for France. I shall return a man, "*qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes,*" imagined I consequentially, and determined to pass *a winter at Paris,* which, I doubted not, would *metamorphose* me into a finished being, the flower of refinement, and the most brilliant emblem of lustre and polish that ever pressed the finger of fashion.

Digitized by Google

"View Nature's paths," being the motto of my adoption, I resolved to travel in the public vehicle. The Paris diligence being full, I took my place in another Dover coach; and, with my servant, started for the land of promise, which was to work such a change in my manners and appearance. To my great regret, I found the coach empty, so that I lost a day in the study of mankind. "*Diem perdidi*," said I to myself, like the emperor Titus, or more fashionably, l'Empereur Tite—but being determined to travel in good humour with the world, I reflected that all was for the best, as the circumstance gave me more leisure for reflection. "All the world's a *stage*," said I in a *semi-tone*:—"Vita summa brevis,"—

Digitized by Google

good again;—and sometimes a *semibreve*;—then we come to a *rest*. Here I laughed *at myself*. Many a one shared *this* pleasure afterwards, though, in the present instance, it was a solo. "All the world's a *stage*," I repeated (smiling) as I completed the first *stage* of my journey in the Dover coach.

Hearing the sound of a horn, I said to Murphy my servant, is that the mail coach? "No sir," answered Murphy, "it's the *female* coach; for it's full of as pretty a cluster of young ladies as the sun ever shone upon of a May morning in Ireland." "Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo!" answered I. "True," said Murphy, although he did not understand one word of what I

Digitized by Google

said, nor did I myself overmuch, for I had confused my head with cogitations; but a *quotation (soit dit en passant)*, gentle reader, whether right or wrong, hit or miss, *a-propos* or *mal-a-propos*, is a great thing. It astounds the unlearned, shews the learned that you have read as well as themselves, and was a principal motive for my having undertaken my journey to France.

Fresh horses being put to my conveyance, I began lecturing myself how I ought to behave. If the world be a stage, gracefully observed I to myself, however the *scene* may shift, men are the *actors* of the eventful *drama*, men of all nations and characters; the statesman, the lawyer, the soldier, prince, priest,

Digitized by Google

and peasant, all "strut their little hour," till the curtain drops. *Ergo*—if the actor performs his part decently and truly, what matters to me his age, his country, or his avocation?—Granted, whispered conviction in my ear, so I resolved to put off *John Bullism*, and to become a perfect cosmopolite.

How many evils have we at home?—ministers out-stepping the limits of the constitution, (as they say); abuses in all departments, (as 'tis whispered); oppressive game laws, (as I know); freedom abridged, (as I am told); the liberty of the press menaced, (as the papers say); land let beyond its value, (as the farmers say); tenants not paying, (as the landlords say); fraudulent bankruptcies, (as

Digitized by Google

attornies say); stagnation of trade, (as the greengrocers say); the great reposing on beds of roses, (as Lord Castlereagh says); whilst the industrious poor are tossing upon the thorns of taxation, (as Sir Francis and all the coblers say); can any country be more unfortunate than our own? Why then such preference? —All prejudice!—"homebred, apron-stringed prejudice," said I; "It is unworthy of a perambulatory, cosmopolitan, universalized mind."

"Yea-yip," exclaims a buck of the first water who cut us off in our passage. "Get out of the road, you bad waggoner, I'm sure you're old and ugly enough to take care of yourself. I say, governor, what live lumber have you

Digitized by Google

got on board?—Law, what a team! what a turn-out!" The idea of the *live lumber*, and the *turn-out*, annoyed me mightily: so putting out my head with an air of indignation, I was going to reprove, when our flashy charioteer flew by us at three-parts speed, and covered me over with mud, observing coolly to a lady who was seated beside him on the coach box, "It's some *Johnny Newcome* going to France." This *personality* was not to be borne; but in a few seconds my enemy was not to be seen.

Our coachman contented himself with calling him a Johnny Raw, and b——g both himself and his *blowing*, as he *elegantly* termed it; then, turning to

Digitized by Google

me, informed me that he was one of the four-in-hand club; that he had got a little *blunt* with which he would go on *like a house on fire* whilst it lasted; that he was a real *Trojan*, that he would be bound that he had *done some of 'em*, and was now brushing, and tipping his *creditors the go-by*; and that neither the carriage, nor the four bloods were paid for. "But," concluded he, "he's *a free* enough young man, a rare one amongst the *fancy*, and a right good whip." At that very moment a dog cart with a stylish groom, and some beautiful setters, passed by.—"Whose dogs are these my lad?" said I. "Vy, my master's," saucily answered the groom. "And pray, sir, who is your master?" resumed I.

Digitized by Google

"You may *axe* himself," roared the groom, and off he was at speed in a broad grin.

"John Bull! John Bull!" I vociferated, thou art a brute. "Can the driver of that mail coach-built vehicle be a gentleman? 'Surely they order these things better in France,' as Sterne says. What an importation for France! like master, like man!"—"Yes," cried Murphy, who could no longer curb his resentment, they are a precious *triumvirate!*" meaning the lady, the buck, and the dog cart driver. "I wish," rejoined he, "that I had them *my* side the water, and I think I'd tache them a little gentility: may be, however, I'll get hold of the dog gentleman somewheres

Digitized by Google

or another, and I think I'll spoil his singing for him: by the book, I'd like to make an *example* of both the master, and the man." "I am afraid," gravely observed I, "that we have too many *examples* at home." "Your honor's right," said Murphy, and here ended the colloquy.

I now began to recollect what a polished nation France had formerly been, the lively pictures my departed father used to draw of that once happy country, their vivacity, their *politesse*, and their love for strangers. I compared at the same time the urbanity of the emigrant nobility, who were occasionally guests at my father's table, with our raw *lordlings*, and *things* of fashion.

Digitized by Google

Although I acknowledge that we are better educated as to *solid* erudition, yet what a woeful want of finish is in an untravelled Englishman! As for myself, I felt my inferiority. How prettily a foreigner of distinction enters a drawing-room! how much dignity, blended with kindness and condescention in his smile and bow! what vivacity and expression in his conversation! how studiously he observes correctness and elegance of attitude! how well the action is always suited to the word and the countenance (whether gay or grave) to both! what talent for light conversation! how he excels in the sprightly dance, and in attentions to the fair sex!

Poor John Bull, on the contrary, will

Digitized by Google

tell you a merry story with an unmoved countenance; or burst into convulsions at his own wit, before any other person perceives it: he will condole piteously with a placid brow; and make love with his hands in his pockets, or with a sneer, or a look of superlative impudence. "*Je vous aime beaucoup*," said a countryman of mine to a French lady, yawning, and pulling up his boots. "*Je le vois bien*," replied the lady, laughing indignantly at him, "*et votre cheval aussi*."

I myself felt such an unconquerable *mauvaise honte* at commingling with crowded circles, or strange company, that I always wished to be thrust into the room, and handed out of it. My

Digitized by Google

entrèes and *sorties* were very inelegant; and I never knew what to do with my hat, or my hands; but used to twist about the one like a plaything, and cram the others into divers fobs and pockets (generally one hand in each) till the linings were entirely worn out. I have often reflected that the number of stick shops and stalls in the street, proceeded from John Bull's not knowing how to conduct himself in his promenade without a stick or a whip in his digitals. Then again I had such a pair of Antigallican shoulders, that I could not drill them into an agreeable *inclination*, or a significant shrug, for the life of me; I could only look hideously tender; and if I had not been six months in the militia, I should have

Digitized by Google

preserved my natural *bent*, which was stooping, and looking down as if I had lost my knee-buckle.

But not on me *alone*, was this gift of awkwardness bestowed. I remember two personages, an eminent professor, and a member of parliament, whose actions and attitudes spoiled exquisitely the effect of their discourse. The one used to rest his hands upon the table, like a grocer serving out his goods behind a compter, or knock his fist against it, like an auctioneer; whilst the other had but the *one* resource, which was cramming one hand into his bosom, and fumbling as if in the act of catching a flea, and *diving* the other down into the pocket of his pantaloons, as though

Digitized by Google

he had lost sixpence through an aperture at the bottom. Surely more appropriate, and no less awkward, though not quite so decorous, was the action of the methodist preacher, who, in addressing the following words to his congregation, "My brethren, the man that has no religion, is no *man at all!*" suddenly clapped a hand to each hip, and pulled up his breeches as tight as he could.

"Study the graces," says Chesterfield; and from this moment I was determined to do so. The stage-coach stopped in the midst of this resolution, which was carried nem. con. by every collected and scattered idea which I possessed, when stepping out of my

Digitized by Google

conveyance, I entered the Ship Inn. Here (the wind being fair for the opposite coast), I was attacked, assailed, beset, and bewildered by intruders and applicants of all casts, sizes, complexions, and vocations—rival masters of packet boats, rival boatmen, porters, custom-house officers, waiters, ostlers, *et cetera, sine fine*; and every one had a demand: I thought I should not escape with a shilling in my pocket from these *antropophagi*, by whom I was near being devoured alive. "The Swift, Sir," said one, "going to sail directly;"—Veri good vessel," exclaimed a Frenchman, in broken English, "mine is a veri good *tship*, *faste* sailor, you SHALL go vit me *if you please*, vi *must* be over vit dis vind in *too* hour."

Digitized by Google

I took the liberty of telling *Monsieur* that I should go with my own countryman. "Veri *vell*," said the Gaul, "you veri *raite*," ironically, "and I shall ordre dinner for you."—"You be hanged," replied my intended captain; "what made you get aground at *Bulling?*" meaning Boulogne.—"You spik *nonseynse*," spluttered Monsieur.

Our sails were soon full, and off we scudded. The picture of France I had received from my father, made expectation run very high. I doubted not but courtesy would extend her hand to receive us, and hospitality welcome us into her bosom; that every hat would be off, and every tongue set in motion

Digitized by Google

to flatter and delight *Mi Lord Anglais*; and I could not help thinking that Buonaparte, who led to conquest so often this numerous, mighty, and civilized nation, must have been a great man. I hoped to see *les debris*, the ruins of that grand army, and to find the soldier and the courtier happily blended, as a contrast to our sons of Mars, who swear at every sentence, and draw the major part of their conversation from the stable or the dog-kennel.

But now a word respecting our jolly crew:—it consisted of four ladies, three English and one French, an emigrant on his return home, an old French dentist on a visit to the *natale solum*, a

Digitized by Google

fat publican and sinner, your humble servant, Murphy, and a lap-dog belonging to Mademoiselle. On the brow of the poor emigrant sat patience and piety smiling in resignation, but not without the ray of hope: he knew what home had once been, yet was anxious and fearful to learn what it was now; he had been used to privations, familiarized with hardships, contented with little, and calm under all contingencies. Never did I see a more impressive figure, nor a more benign countenance gently gilding down the stream of time, than now appeared before me. On my entering the vessel, he saluted me with a mixture of respect and benevolence, which I returned, certainly with less ease and dignified com-

Digitized by Google

posure, but assuredly with every sympathy of my soul, and with a cordial warmth not to be exceeded by any animated being. The dentist was already sick and offensive; and the publican, a mighty hulk, groaned and rolled about in so grotesque a manner, that all my feeling with respect to him, was how to *avoid* him, lest by a lee lurch, he should come in contact with me, and crush me to a pancake. My three countrywomen were distant, silent, and suffering; and, as the motion of the ship increased (it being a stiff breeze), their fears augmented, and they retired to bed.

Mademoiselle alone kept the deck: she had already made more than one *transmarine* trip; and kept up her

Digitized by Google

stomachic tone and national spirits. Her eye was sharp and penetrating, and darted its lustre through very long dark eye lashes, surmounted by regularly formed high arches, which gave an irresistible cast of sprightliness to her features. This had an indescribable effect on my frail clay; yet, she was by no means handsome; her skin was of a dun hue, course, and without polish; her forehead was broad, low, and of a mean formation; her nose was short, and turned up at the end; her stature under the ordinary size, and with nothing remarkable about it, but her teeth were like ivory. She displayed a profusion of well-arranged hair, and had a neatness about her ankles which finished the *ensemble* of her preposses-

Digitized by Google

sing appearance, and announced a witty and fascinating woman.

Just as I was gazing on her in silent and aukward admiration, I was forced to stoop in order to avoid the sail, and in doing so ran my head bolt up against her. I explained to her, that my stooping down was unforeseen, and my apparent rudeness the effect of accident. This I did in bad, but intelligible French, which she answered with obliging vivacity, adding that "she could not be offended at the effect of my leaning forward;" since continued she, "c'etait un *penchant* pour moi." Whereupon she looked most insinuatingly at me, took her lap dog up in her arms, and kissed it repeatedly, crying "*Ma*

Digitized by Google

pauvre Rosalie t'es bien malade." Manner is every thing, thought I to myself, and I felt a most powerful attraction for the lively brunette.

My wits next went to work, how I should explain what I felt, when a dispute arose between the dentist and the publican on account of the latter's having sat down on his *sac de nuit,* and compressed it. "*C'est bien mal honnete,*" vociferated the Frenchman. "Why," returned John Bull, with a contemptuous sneer, "it was so small that a body could not see it." "*Can't see! gros patapouf,*" bawled the Frenchman; and snatched up the abominable looking machine in a rage. Property, like religion and country, when run

Digitized by Google

down, always creates irreconcilable variance; so our two passengers turned their backs on each other, and never spake more.

Again I set my brains spinning to compose amatory conversation for the *brunette;* and, with difficulty and some hesitation, informed her, that I had a very strong *penchant* for her, and that I thought her delighful. This avowal appeared most welcome: I fancied to myself that she admired me in her turn. "Love at first sight," cried I:—"*obstrepuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido*—hem! —VIRGIL." I was preposterously pleased, and so occupied with the lady and myself, that I was awakened as it were out of a *reverie* on touching the French shore.

Digitized by Google

The multitude that surrounded us at Dover was a handful compared to the host of sailors, fish-women, waiters, spies, custom-house guards or *douanniers* who flocked about us at landing; but I saw nothing save the *brunette*, who gently folded her arm in mine; for I felt myself *decidedly* in love. At some distance I suddenly perceived Murphy fighting with a crowd. "What's the matter?" said I, "is all safe?"

"All but your portmanteau" replied Murphy.

"And why did not you look to it?" added I.

"Faith," said Murphy "there are too many to look to it."

Digitized by Google

"See what care that Frenchman takes of his bundle," rejoined I.

"By the book," observed Murphy, "his bundle is old enough to take care of itself; and I'm strong enough to *retake* the portmanteau."

So off he flew in a most menacing attitude.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

Jam cornu petit.

WHILST Murphy was engaging the captor of my portmanteau, I was occupied in laying fierce siege to Mademoiselle. I had planned in my own head the elegant dinner with which I was to open the campaign, and the sparkling Burgundy with which I was to regale her. Then I anticipated the lovely Hebe offering me the cup in turn; when all at once, she said in a dulcet

Digitized by Google

note, with a most enchanting lo
transient melancholy, and bewit
down-cast eye, "*A present*,
Anglais, it faut nous separer."
word *part* transfixed me: I felt
upon earth, gloomy and dej
wretched and forlorn; and then
how sweetly sounded on my ea
mon Anglais, my Englishman, ho
pronoun *possessive* thrilled through
vein! She heaved a sigh, and
half-smiled, whilst her face beame
the orb of day emerging from a
I kissed her hand and bade her
Truly did I feel the agony that lu
that small, yet bitter word farewe

"For in that word, that fatal word, ho
"We promise, hope, believe, there br
despair."

Digitized by Google

I told her that I sincerely trusted we should soon meet again. She shook her head: this was an additional pang to my breast; then she sweetly told me, that, perhaps, it would be better for us both *not* to meet again; "*Mais ne m'oubliez pas.*" "I wish I could forget thee," added I; "but I shall remember thee, I fear, too well and too long for my peace of mind." Here she smiled again; she saw the mischief she had worked, and triumphed in her success. This is a true part of the French character.—"Well," concluded she, "I will see you to-morrow before you leave Calais; but (taking me by the hand) I must now go to my friends. *Adieu mon ami.*" "*Adieu trop aimable Adelle,*" replied

Digitized by Google

I; would that to-morrow were come, for the interval will be most painful to me. I looked her out of sight, whilst *mon Anglais* and *mon ami* rung in my ear—I could have wished to have heard no other sound.

"Your portmanteau is recovered," said Murphy, coming up to me in the streets.

"Hang the portmanteau," said I in a surly tone.

"Aye," replied Murphy, "hang it where you please; for they have tried it already. They have seized snuff, gunpowder, your honor's silver dressing utensils, and I don't know what all."

Digitized by Google

This injustice brought me to myself, by rousing my indignation. "Take me to the custom-house, Murphy," said I, "let me speak to the scoundrels." I went accordingly, and like a fool, put myself in a violent passion, spluttered unintelligible French, and exposed myself. The custom-house officers were insolent to me in the extreme. One pretended not to understand a word of what I said, shrugged up his shoulders, and, with an air of ineffable contempt, said to his companion, "*Qui est cet homme? Je crois qu'il est fou.*" Another informed me, that he was as good a man as myself, and perhaps a better, and with an effrontery, which ill became the most ruffianly appearance, added, *Monsieur j'ai fait la guerre*, concluding

Digitized by Google

with letting me know that he had been a captain of cavalry under *l'empereur*. I then left the bureau, where I had to pay duty on my articles of plate, and to allow these sharks to sieze upon some pounds of Fribourg's best snuff, &c. &c,

On my return to my inn, I was called Jean Bull, by a regiment of ragged rascals; pulled by the skirts of my coat; and laughed at for my small round hat and *petticoats*, as they called my great coat. "One *sol*," cries one; "sixpence, half a crown," bawls another; "a *littel gal, do you want* a *littel gal?*" roars an infant profligate; "John Bull, dem your eyes," exclaims another, whilst his associate in poverty and infamy laughed in my face, and

Digitized by Google

tauntingly exclaimed "*Englishman, dog!*" Him I levelled in a moment, whilst Murphy played his cudgel round him, and cleared the rest. Considerable rain having fallen a few minutes before, the street was very wet, and the gutters broad, deep, and full of water; into one of these Murphy soused over head, and ears the little imp who had announced himself as *l'ambasciadore de l'amore*, exultingly crying, "I think I have made you bite the dust." This exploit, however, occasioned us to be mobbed, shouldered, pelted with dirt, and hissed into our inn yard.

Arrived there, I returned to John Bullism again, blessed the land of freedom, and already decided that the countries bore no comparison.

Digitized by Google

Just as I was indulging my ill-humour, and venting my spleen, the obliging Mr. Quillac, whose inn I prefer to any I ever baited at, entered the room, and put me in good-humour with myself, by apologizing for his rude countrymen, and saying that none but *la Canaille* would have acted thus towards a stranger. I ordered an excellent dinner, and during my repast, I enquired about the English who were resident at Calais; and from "a man of the world," received the following sketches.

MR. DUMBELL.

At Calais, Mr. Dumbell is to be seen,

Digitized by Google

little altered by adversity, if that term may be used for self-merited difficulties. He seems still to fancy himself a model of fashion. Starch, stays, and all the et cetera of *dandyism* still characterize him, in the decline of age, good looks, and good circumstances. But the interest which he used to create among the imitating cyphers of the town, has fled; the French, class him *indiscriminately* with every other John Bull; and his affectation draws not a proselyte, nor attracts the slightest degree of momentary attention.

Assumed consequence, usurped pre-eminence, self-created and self-i lized perfection, no avail him nothing. The *original* has left many a bad copy

Digitized by Google

among the *insipids* of Bond Street; and without this, it would not be remembered that he *once* drew notice, by unbecoming importance and impertinent frivolity. He may now be reduced to travel in *a chaise and pair!* which he seems so much to dread, or run in a wheel barrow, without exciting any particular regret, or any peculiar sympathy, except from a few doomed to share his fate.

It has been wondered how Mr. D—— originally got into notice at all. This circumstance having never been attributed to any other causes than the following—good looks, high dress, and higher assurance. It is supposed, that the latter cause accounts for the *whole*;

Digitized by Google

for there are *other* young men, good looking, and well dressed, and saucy enough. The P——'s condescending kindness towards him is also quoted as a reason, but that is not satisfactory; for as the benevolence of the sun's rays calls *diurnally* into *life*, animals and animalculæ of various sizes and appearance, a further cause is looked for to account for the magnitude and importance of this particular genus; and we can scarcely conceive how a set of men, marshalled under a leader, and fashioned on a *model*, calling themselves *Dandies*, can take growth, and gain observance, except from this last cause—ultra assurance. Doubtless, like the gaudy tulip, moisture and heat, *sunshine* and *corruption*, must greatly

Digitized by Google

contribute to their splendour and increase.

LORD LAVENDER.

This is a dandy peer; but, like most of the confraternity, has got aground, and owes to his title the privilege of saying, what brother Dumbell and many others, cannot; namely, "nunc *pede libero* pulsanda tellus." But so incomplete does his lordship feel with the *rex dandyorum omnium*, that he has scarcely done any thing else but pass and repass from Dover to Calais since the exile of his chief.

The *deroute* of this edifying fraternity seems to be quite general: their *nominal* head (for there is not a *real*

Digitized by Google

head amongst them) expatriated; the dandy delegate on his travels, as much from necessity as choice; the old dandy-*lion* not so *fierce* as formerly, since his rencontre with the Hibernian O'M——a; the commercial dandy, like a fish out of water; and the other respectable set disregarded, and growing out of fashion.

What attraction the peer can have discovered in his socius and prototype Mr. Dumbell, we cannot imagine. It has been said, that they hunt in couples, that they work together, that they are up, and the like. But all this is Arabic to us; we know, that the peer can work very well single-handed, and his company is worthy of being courted without the addition of his model.

Digitized by Google

The tradesmen and the town have found Mr. Dumbell and his dandy associates very taking; and, however long they may sojourn amongst foreigners, they need not fear *being out of their friends' books.* But why my lord should be thus mightily taken we cannot possibly guess.

When we said that the dandies had not a *head* amongst them, we ought to beg Lord Lavender's pardon: nature gave him an excellent one; but, as he only makes use of it to hang his hat upon, we had for a moment forgot to count it. Nature, indeed, has gifted him with no small degree of talent. As a scholar, and a man of refined taste and eloquence, he might have dazzled in the senate, or

Digitized by Google

in the pursuit of the *belles lettres*, and have shone a jewel in society, where conversation and pursuits are useful and intellectual.

We grieve sincerely, however, when we see his taste confined to the adjustment of a cravat, the contour of a waistcoat, or the ineffable slope of a velvet collar; when we behold him the poor copyist of a still poorer copyist, and when his name is familiarly made the topic of conversation of the frail sisterhood, trumpeted by battered Aspasias, and disgracefully coupled with that of a Right Honourable *Mulciber*, whose intimate *footing* in a house where the cloven heel presides, is less to be wondered at.

Digitized by Google

In a word, when instead of being the delight of *one bad house*, he is the admiration of another; which other, however, is now gaining such celebrity, that in time, the family parlour of mother W——d's may so teem with nobility as to acquire the illustrious title of—the Star Chamber!!!

SIR VAPOUR DE SPA.

This worthy baronet, the second of the race, was called by a lady of some wit, and of a satirical cast, "the *exhalation* of a *Vapour!*"

His father, the first baronet, going by the nick-name of *Vapour*, the family name never acquired the *de* till a few years before his vain father's de-

Digitized by Google

mise; but, as the old proverb says "de mortuis nil nisi bonum," we shall pass over this circumstance without further remark.

In honour of his mother, something winning was tacked to his *name*, but was wanting in his *nature*; so much so, that when attempting for a long time to win an heiress, this syllable was played upon in all directions.

From his mother he might have inherited mental, and from his father corporeal attractions; but, instead of that, he was gifted with the very *mediocre* appearance of his mother, and the very weak mind of his father; so that with all his assumed importance, added to the

Digitized by Google

arms in his escutcheon, he is like most exhalations and vapours of very little substance, his appearance on the earth is of little consequence, his *air* is not desirable, and his *decomposition* or *evaporation fit* for *nothing*, because

Ex nihilo, *nihil fit.*

THE HON. GENERAL GLOOMY.

Go where one will in France or Brabant, one cannot avoid meeting this ornament to the British staff—this efficient veteran, who honours the service by *accepting* his lieutenant-general's allowance, and who spends it on his cooks, we suppose; for he is known to be a *vast* deal more a man of *appetite*, than a man of *taste*. His tailors on

Digitized by Google

the other side of the water, may have suffered from *taking measures* to adorn his person; but, abroad, one would imagine that he was indebted to the old clothes-men solely for his ill-looking wardrobe, or that he wore some other man's coat, *for fear of being like himself*. If he could succeed in this alienation of identity, we should not blame him, for *any change would be for the better*, but as that cannot be done, we can see no particular harm in his dressing like his countrymen in general.

He has made himself a powerful enemy in a land-crab, or tame-turtle looking fellow, who goes about Calais upon crutches, and tells such unsavoury

Digitized by Google

stories of this expectant of a peerage, that they are really too nasty to repeat. This individual is nick-named the Devil upon Two Sticks by the English; and if his honour in question were to be deemed the Devil upon *one*, it would be a very great misnomor; for the *staff* is certainly queerly supported by some of its representatives, many of whom are literally "fruges consumere nati!"

"There is," said an affected pedant, who is bear-leader to a young noble on his travels, "a certain *obliquity* in the eye of General Gloomy, that makes him mightily repulsive, suspicious-looking, and offensive." "Il y a du louche la didans," cried a Frenchman, thus finishing him off by a pun!

Digitized by Google

The French are so fond of *les calembours* that they use them on every occasion; and we do not know whether the following one may not be deemed appropriate in the present case, as well as in that of many of our pensioned or allowanced generals of the *old* school; who are more known at the tavern and coffee-house, or as *emigrants* abroad, than in the tent or the field of battle, or as combatants in a foreign campaign. Be that as it may, the joke runs thus:—when Santerre, the brewer, so well-known as an actor in the revolution, got the appointment of general, he was sent amongst other duties against the Chouans, a race of people "qui ne *badinait* pas." Affairs going against him, he arrived in Paris,

Digitized by Google

as a general ought, in the front of his army; but, with this *trifling* difference; that he was *far before* his army, and he was too proud to look back. This hopping off of the brewer, however, drew down nothing on him but the following lines, supposed to be an anticipation of his epitaph:

Cigit le General Santerre
Qui n'avait de *Mars** que la bierre.

We apply this only to General Gloomy's unmilitary *appearance*, nor do we mean to say, that the other *general pensioners* have imitated the brewer; but it must be allowed, that these, for the most part, untried warriors, have

* Beer being at Paris made in the month of March.

Digitized by Google

nothing of the general about them but the pay.

SIR JOHN PROP.

THIS antiquated Adonis has played the first part of the character of Lothario for a long time successfully. Whether he be destined to play it out to the end or not, remains for time to decide, and must depend on the patience of the spectators, and the period when life's curtain may drop. Hitherto he may boast of many a *fair penitent*, and the scenes in which he figured at a place where "the proper study of mankind is man," will never be forgotten. This gentleman, in common with the violator of relationship and

Digitized by Google

hospitality, Sir H. M———, not liking the Newmarket system of P. P. play or pay, is a self-devoted exile, and contributes to the number abroad who so *worthily* represent the national character.

It is thought, however, a high feather in the cap (not the husband's, whose ornaments are under the cap, but in the seducer's) to be enrolled in legal causes of infamy, and charged with nominal unpaid damages; or to be the unconvicted culprit, to whom family feuds and matrimonial separations are attributed, whilst the pointed finger of *half*-approving scandalmongers, indicates to one another, that Lady or Mrs. So-and-So, was separated

Digitized by Google

or divorced on his account, that such a one broke her heart, or another enlisted under the Cyprian banner, after having been ruined by that fascinating rake.

Lauda finem, bold baronet: this taste cannot always last; soon will it wither with thyself. The remains of an old seducer, like the mouldering turrets of a baronial castle, are unseemly ruins: the obsolete taste, decayed strength, and defect of structure, are every where apparent; prostrate nobility and fallen oppression disgust and terrify; the imagination embodies ideas of weeping maids and immolated rivals, of parents and husbands falling in the encounter, of chains and dungeons, of

Digitized by Google

midnight orgies and moonlight rapes; with hideous phantoms, ghosts, goblins, blood-stained winding sheets, and pangs of conscience; in fine, with the whole imagery of romance, where all things conspire to make us rejoice in the total subversion of the fabric.

Thus when the powerful reprobate is no more, his family avails him not; the branches of that family partake no longer of his influence; the sycophants who reclined in the shade of his patronage, desert the semblance of what he was; the lifeless trunk is unheeded by the passer by, or if inhumed with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of nobility, and surmounted by marbled

Digitized by Google

magnificence, the most suitable epitaph that it could deserve would be—

Olim truncus eram.

Other vermin, (not flatterers) will tell the rest!

COLONEL HORNTOWN.

The colonel (if so a man ought to be called) who left the service many years back for sinning against discipline, and who never was more than a militia lieutenant-colonel, informs all his acquaintance, that he has bought a *terre titré*, a dukedom, for what we know in France, and that he will shew the country such shooting, and fishing, and hawking, and hunting, as will make their hair stand on end.

Digitized by Google

It must be allowed by all, that the colonel is a *long shot*; that by hook or by crook he has now and then *fished in troubled waters*; and that his *hawks have pounced* upon many an inferior bird, whilst *their master has bounced* to the ganders, who listened to him. We all know too, that in hunting, the colonel's horse could take *a devil of a stretch*; and that it would require strength of stomach to *swallow* what the colonel *says* he can drink.

The colonel's amours too are wonderful! they put one in mind of Ovid's Metamorphoses, or Esop's *Fables*. But the colonel wears well; by the bye he also *swears* well, so that one would think he had a most *contemptible epi-*

BOD LEIAN LIBRARY

nion of his word, on which account he always prefers *giving his oath*, and it certainly makes *the matter stronger*. He has fire arms of all descriptions, of *incredible* prices; and (what is astonishing) every one knows that they *go off* best without a *Flint!*

SIR JERRY GO-NIMBLE.

Our emigrant countrymen may be divided into three classes; the extravagant and temporary residents in, or rather travellers *through* France, and other countries, the *set* at Paris, and coasters or border English. Of the former, what can be said, except that they spend their money like fools, give a bad impression of the country, and return worse than they set out.

Digitized by Google

The *Paris* set consists of inveterately incurable rakes, gamblers, and swindlers; they assume an unbecoming importance, put on French *habits*, which do not *sit easy on them*, and demoralize and denationalize every countryman who comes in their way; nay, such is *their* lenity, that they even impart it to Johnny Raw, by lightening his pocket of his last one pound note. Some of these bucks pretend to travel for change of *air*, and, as the French very properly say, ils viennent pour prendre *les airs*, (not l'air) de Paris and often *change* their last guinea to effect a *very*, *necessary*, change of place.

The coasters, or borderers, are of an humbler tribe, run away wives, dis-

Digitized by Google

carded mistresses, bankrupts, poor gentlemen, and those whose untailored estates are *out at elbows*.

Of this last description is the little active knight, who has imported to France a wife of such weight of metal and calibre, that she looks like a twelve inch mortar, a *bell* metal mortar planted on the opposite coast. His honour was a high-sheriff, a knight of the shire, a man of address, and an address-man, a miner, a speculator, and a hospitable landlord; but his speculations failed, the air of the mountains disagreed with him, and it appeared to Taffy that *her* countrymen might as well suffer as *her* self; so *her* emigrated for a while, to see how the wind blew from the other side, and time and patience would bring

Digitized by Google

about refractory claimants, till the *leek* flourished again as fresh as ever.

As all get nick names amongst their idle and envious countrymen on the coast, so have *her*, and *her* son picked up one, *dang* it, to their great annoyance; and they call papa Jerry Go-Nimble, and the incomparable *Julus*, Jerry Sneak. These *jibes* and *jeers* must be put up with abroad, for it is the only thing John Bull, who is completely a *fish out of water*, has to amuse himself with. Poor John, from Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Dunkirk, he may be seen, looking wistfully across the *blue* expanse; but—

Necessitas non habet leges.

Now the *law* has too many *legs*; and

Digitized by Google

some *legs* have had too much *law*, to the cost of the flats, and other sufferers.

JUNIUS CANNON, ESQ.

This gentleman (for all men are *soi-disant* gentlemen who keep good company and have expensive habits) is of ancient family, and well known in the heathen mythology, being the progeny of Bacchus—*To-Baccho*, and of Greek extraction. He passed as a counterfeit a long time before he was *smoked;* and, not untill he was *put to a pinch*, was his real original learned.

In Paris he studied surgery; but retained nothing of the art, except the practise of *bleeding*, and so lowering a

Digitized by Google

patient. He then appeared in the militia, and made himself popular with a certain duke. From thence we find him attached to a naval character, the cast-off mistress of an Admiral ———. With this lady (neither young nor handsome) he lived on the continent, and *fathered* two children, one of which was *accredited* as his own.

In Paris, he frequented the *Club de Valois* (now no more), at the head of which was the late infamous Duc d'Orleans, with whom he became acquainted, and, through English interest, got elected a member of the club. He then took up the trade of a play-man, alias a Greek, alias a man living by his means, and was soon found in an ele-

Digitized by Google

gant house in the quarter of St. James's, with carriages, race-horses, a country retreat as a *pigeon-hole*, and all the elegancies and luxuries of life, for which Lord and Lady A——, Sir G—— P——, and many others, paid their share.

At the short peace, he returned to France, the scene of his education, doubtless with the pleasures of memory, and it seemed a good ground to take up for plucking birds of passage; for the English are generally denominated on the coast, *birds of passage*, or *birds of prey*. But, unluckily, Buonaparte, who was a greater general and Greek than himself, in another way, detained him and his countrymen;

Digitized by Google

and, in *narrowing* his liberty, *confined* both his views and his operations.

Re-passing, as in early life, through devious vicissitudes, we now hear of him abroad, as a retired and independent gentleman, sitting *sub tegmine fagi*, without avocation or care. It is to be hoped, that he will not use as his motto, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*; unless Pluto or Lucifer (which is not making too *light* of the gentleman) be his tutelar divinity.

Of his military achievements we hear no loud *report*, although his *name* announces a *great gun* in the profession. A Frenchman once wishing to turn him into ridicule, said, *naming him*,

Digitized by Google

that no doubt he came of a great family, as his was a *beau nom de guerre*:

MR. BOWLES.

Mr. B———, who is an hyper coxcomb, is descended from a Knight of *Malt*-a; who it is to be supposed, like most of his brethren, was a *rogue in grain*; but, unfortunately for him, he met with a *rogue in spirit*, who, though no *dealer* in *spirits*, used to conjure up *evil spirits*, was versed in the *black art* of making whatever he pleased of *spades* and *clubs*, and of playing some odd *tricks* upon the cards. The brewer, suspecting that his opponent did not *deal* upon the square, accused him of *shuffling*, (poor man, he had better have

Digitized by Google

cut), and he gave his tongue certain latitude against the Hibernian Leg, who swore that he would resort to *club* law, unless the brewer would give him *gentlemanly* satisfaction, not with his usual *barrels*, but with the *barrel* of a pistol. Whether Bowles got himself *pot-valiant* or not, is not recorded, but he looked like *stout*, and falling in the *rencontre*, came to an untimely *bier*.

He is succeeded in all his honours and titles by the present Mr. B———, who, in spite of his papa's fate, frequents the gaming tables, and all places of fashionable resort, and *rolls* about with as much *weight* as a *butt* of the *first* magnitude. His consequence, however, is *entire*-ly his own;

Digitized by Google

and most people think him as *flat* and *tasteless* as stale porter. He is *frothy* and *inflated* in his manners and conversation; and, in spite of high dress and affectation, borrowed in part from an affected son of a ——— baronet, with whom he used to associate a good deal in Paris, he does not *go down* amongst people of fashion. It is supposed that the malty concern is carried on for him, and that he is a sleeping partner in the trade; but à Paris, he passes for an unadulterated fashionable, although he is as spurious in that line, as the compounds which his druggist mixes up for his customers, are various and medicated.

This gentleman is particularly fond

Digitized by Google

of *hops* of a *certain* description, to wit, those given by frail fair ones; and, like most of his extravagant countrymen, is more known at the Salon des Etrangers and other gaming houses, and at the easy and agreeable houses of Madame de l'Aunay, at the dances of Madame Q——y, Madame d'U——n, et cetera, than in any circles of civilised society, literature, or useful pursuit; not to forget the restaurateurs, where John Bull pays double for the consideration which he enjoys, and for the compliment of being called, a "*brave Garcon qui mange bien toujours.*"

Dick ——, who shot his father, accused him of *brewing mischief*, to the detriment of his character. This

Digitized by Google

young gentleman would do well to avoid the society of Legs, in which he occasionally appears, and which was so fatal to the *head* of his house.

MR. ANTITRACK.

Mr. Antitrack has found his way here. He is endeavouring to persuade Monsieur de la France, that he will *get on* twice as well by allowing John Bull to *grease his wheels;* but, the Frenchman is rather sceptical upon this point. Mr. A. has also brought with him an importation of daughters, to each of whom he announces his intention of giving ten thousand pounds: "*Of di grease,*" added a sly Frenchman, "*peut etre?*" How easy it is

Digitized by Google

for a quack, in any line, from Doctor Solomon, whose Balm of Gilead changes men's insides, and gives vigour of constitution and renovated youth to age and debility, down to Day and Martin, with their blacking, which gives a polish to the most unpolished surfaces, to rise into notoriety, and to arrest public attention; but we are much mistaken if Squire A——'s attention will not be arrested in another way; and, if with all the invaluable unguent, boxed up in his extensive premises, he do not find himself in the *wrong box at last.*

The Baronet, J——n. has already made this discovery, and has *confined* his admiration of the plan to very narrow limits. Little Mr. M——n says, that

Digitized by Google

he has been ruined by buying and re-selling his shares, or in plain English—by buying and selling and living by the loss, for he states that the anti-paper has been a *blank* to him, and he would fain revest his lost fund in any acre but the wise acre; which is a hard case enough. What *grounds* he goes upon are best known to himself; but these speculative adventurers are dangerous acquaintances; and it must be confessed, that honest John has a great deal of gullibility about him, whilst his neighbour over the water here, having less of *l'argent contant* is very *tenacious* about it.

So very hard of belief is he, that it was difficult to persuade the Sous Pre-

Digitized by Google

fect of a department through which *Antitrack* passed, that he had been a lieutenant; and his uniform and cocked hat, sported at the ball, were considered as merely the garb of a *Charlatan*. The hat particularly staggered them; and one of them had the impudence to say, to an acquaintance of Mr. A——'s:—"Ah! bah! vous plaisantez, j'imagine que ce faiseur d'*onguent gris*, ne vit que des simples." I suppose this manufacturer of grey ointment, lives *upon simples*. This attempt, however, to *put a spoke in his wheel*, did not prevent Mr. A—— from pushing through the crowd, nor from attracting notice in *rotation*.

Whether Lord B——, Admiral H——,

Digitized by Google

and a certain Reverend, who have all been attached to this *wheel of fortune*, will find it a winning concern, or merely a *matter of concern* to them, remains to be proved; but the Frenchman's objection to the invention, has some good sense in it. When informed of its assisting the velocity of the wheel by lubricating it so continually, and by lasting so long, as not to require renewal in the course of one thousand miles, whereby much time must be saved, he graciously replied, with the usual significant shrug of his shoulders, demonstrative of holding the thing very cheap. "Ma foi, nous allons trop vite deja."

MONSTROUS DAW, ESQ.

When John Bull disembarks from a

Digitized by Google

Dover packet, and puts his foot upon French land, he is generally saluted by Jean Bull! Jack Roast Beef! Gros Papa, or *Gros Patapouf!* and, in the present instance, never was the country more worthily represented—never was there a *greater* example of what beef and claret could produce, than in the person of our massive friend. "*C'est un milord ruinè,*" cried one; "Il a *mangè* tout son bien," exclaimed another; "Qu'il est enorme!" screamed a third; "*Quel joli mignon,*" ironically observed a fourth. In a word, *no body* ever excited more surprize than the man mountain in question. This gentleman has literally *mangè son bien,* in splendid entertainments, magnificent dinners, and extensive hospitality; and,

Digitized by Google

should the ragouts, and other *friandises* of France, with all its variety of wines, agree with the purse and person of this great commoner as well as the fare of his native country, we may expect him to bring home a vessel in ballast of his own growth. In the interim, many a one will regret the absence of himself and cooks, and more than *one aching* void may be felt by the complaisant attendants of expensive dinners—by his trencher companions, as Timon of Athens justly termed them.

We trust, however, that in spite of the migratory fashion, we shall soon see him return, and that this addition of *materiel* may be added to our na-

Digitized by Google

tional *stock*. Should we have the misfortune to lose him in the *fulness* of his *growth*, we should think that the epitaph, composed of old, on Timocreon of Rhodes, would not be ill suited to a man of his appetite, and of his thirst —to one of his taste and of his consumption; and that, he would outrival Timocreon himself in the pleasures and execution of the table.

GEORGE SATIRE.

If one were to judge by *personal* appearance, few men could *stand higher* in the eye of the public, than this gentleman, who has been lately the object of so much cavelling in the house. Nor are Mr. Satire's abilities

Digitized by Google

of a *pigmy* genus, when compared with the *Patagonian* conformation of his person.

But it seems that this nomination has given singular offence to Mr. Br—h—m, who without *particularizing* his defects or disqualifications, has been pleased to *generalize* as to the impropriety of his obtaining a very indifferent provision. Mr. Br—h—m, indulges in *sweeping* measures, and in *sweeping* speeches, witness his last one at the prorogation of Parliament; and it must be allowed, that these hasty and general attacks, like the predatory system of an irregular army, which scours a country, carries off what plunder can be found, does as much mis-

Digitized by Google

chief as the time will admit of, and then *brushes* off at a gallop, are never fatal to the enemy, and never dangerous or glorious to the assailant.

But what are Mr. S.'s sins in the eye of the moral and patriotic Mr. Br—h—m? Is it his *name* which is so much at variance with Mr. B.'s nature and habits? Is it his size? Surely *great* men are wanted, for the honourable member is well aware that there are *little* men *enough* in all the departments of government, and *not less* in the senate, nay, even in the opposition, than elsewhere. Or does an Edinburgh Reviewer find fault with the Satirist? Does the honourable member feel so charitable, so mild, and so

Digitized by Google

humane, as to think it a mortal offence to indulge in satirical remark, or in severe animadversion? Does he, who gave *his dividend* of vinegar and gall, his proportion of caustic, as much point as his brain could furnish, and as much asperity and unfeelingness as could disgrace literature, to that illiberal and severe publication, blame the attacks of the Satirist, on men and measures, on the vices and foibles of the age? That a saffron-faced, death-grinning demagogue, pedagogue, Gog and Magog of scurrility, who sneered and snarled his way up into the house, should whiten and sicken at the proposed advancement of his superior in talent, is no wonder whatever, when it is recollected, that even the throne of

Digitized by Google

Brunswick could not escape his bitter violence, which indeed was so near REASON, that some thought he had hit it to a T.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

It would be almost endless to enumerate the various characters which my informant pourtrayed to me. Nay, some of them lodged in the very hotel where I then was. The commercial brother was there, and even in France, shone with surpassing ugliness. There, too, a certain frail fair in the arms of her military lover. This son of Mars had betrayed the friend and school-fellow of his youth, and seduced that

Digitized by Google

wife who was now *his* partner: the friend was also his brother officer; and their fathers were neighbour tradesmen; the one used dexterously the thimble and bodkin, and the other was a *polished* gentleman, who gave the highest *varnish* to articles of ornament. No wonder young hopeful had received a *polished* education, and was as fit for the *cabinet*, as the *field*. Can we feel astonished at the vices in high life, when we find them even in the middling classes more gross, but equally excessive? And would not the honest parents of these cavalry bucks have done much better to have reared their conceited progeny in the trades in which they themselves had made fortunes, than to have placed them in that rank which

Digitized by Google

frequently exposed them to envy, and always to ridicule?

Burning with an *impure flame*, a retired oilman *shone* amongst the English on that part of the coast, with a fair dame, who had the merit of being the affectionate *corresponding* partner of another mate, Olium being the *acting* partner in the concern. A pacific general, a fallen star, Sir William W——, who, from his taste for flying kites and *paper money*, went by the nick-name of *Bill* W——, a *ceremonious* gentleman, ex-priests, ex-authors, libellers, and money scriveners, uncertificated bankrupts, the Newmarket steed butcher, bigamists, and polygamists, swindlers, and travelling companions,

Digitized by Google

filled up the list of the company. To which might be added, servants out of place, and petty tradespeople's children imported for the purpose of learning French and other accomplishments, and of aping their customers and betters.

This gloomy list brought many a reflection to my mind. What is the cause of the degradation of the national character abroad? said I to myself, after my communicative friend had left me. Why these wretched misrepresentatives of our country? Why are we held in contempt by these our fallen enemies? Because, by our profligacy we incur debts; by our debts we are forced to emigrate; by our emigration we abandon our profession

Digitized by Google

and the sources of our income:—by wanting resources, we grow dishonest; and many who fled from a prison at home, plunge themselves into a dungeon abroad. What impoverishes our native land? Pride and extravagance The tinker, the tailor, the mercer, the carver and gilder, even low mechanics, and handicrafts (if their trade be but successful) must have wine after dinner, all the delicacies in season, a horse to ride, and a tilbury for their gaudy wives. These again must have pelisses and *ridicules*, feathers and silk dresses, town houses and country houses; and Miss must fatigue the piano, or teize the guitar, or torture the pedal harp, learn to *waltz* forsooth, and assail your ears with harmonious

Digitized by Google

screams, dying gulphs, and murdered Italian. They must frequent places of public amusement, read novels, and vitiate their minds, till by habits of luxury, they learn to despise the trade that furnished these improprieties, look above themselves, and if they cannot marry in a higher class, by the aid of the fraudulent bankruptcy which provided for wife and children, they fall a victim to some dangerous connection, and terminate their miserable lives in a brothel or a parish workhouse.

These reflections weighed so heavy upon me, that I called for my third bottle to chase away the distress which I felt for the sufferings of my country. Tasting the first two or three glasses,

Digitized by Google

I thought of a lawyer who was a charity boy, and used to sweep a shop; he now has his barouche and four, two footmen waiting at his table, which groans under a profusion of luxurious fare. Now, added I, if this lawyer drove but a pair, and had but one footman; if he confined himself to port and sherry; if the tailor, and mercer, the carver and gilder, had a town house only, and walked on foot, as all their forefathers did, and the handicraft and mechanic put a mop and broom, a needle or spinning-wheel into their daughter's hands, in place of the harp, the harpsicord, and guitar, what money might go into the pockets of the poor, and what prosperous wealth might be treasured up for future generations.

Digitized by Google

Then, continued I, proceeding deeply in my last bottle—how ill off are the amiable, and suffering poor gentlemen's daughters! ruined by their parents extravagance, or so narrowed by their scanty pittance, that they are scarcely able to vegetate; outdone in dress and appearance by every tradesman's minx; degraded into milliners and mantua-makers, governesses, and dependants; or, perhaps in the *straw*, or the *child bed warehouse* line, or some worse calling—Alas! what beauteous victims do we see in every street! Here a tear came into my eye. And then again, how does intemperance ruin all classes! Just about the close of this reflection, I drained my third bottle,

Digitized by Google

found that I was hazy, and called for my night candle to retire to rest.

It would make a pretty article in a novel, to state that I could not close my eyes, and that the figure of my *inamorata* was swimming before me during the whole of my disturbed night; but, as truth is my object, and as I do not mean to spare myself any more than my neighbour, I must candidly confess, that I slept the most profound sleep I almost ever remember, and awakened only a few seconds before noon. *Then* I began to fear that Mademoiselle might have called, and that I might have missed seeing her. It was however fortunately otherwise. A

Digitized by Google

weak stomach, and an aching head accompanied me at my slender breakfast; for I drenched myself with strong tea untill I became as irritable, nervous, and fanciful as any dowager duchess the day after a very heavy loss at cards. One o'clock came, and brought not my *aimable Adelle*; two, and still no appearance of my *dulcinea*—of the *lumbre di mis ajas* (as we say in Spanish.) I now tried noyeau, *creme de Venus*, *parfait amour*, thin Dantzic brandy, white *spirits* and black, blue *spirits* and grey—all in vain: my animal *spirits* were not raised a tittle; but on the contrary I had *blue* devils and black, white devils and brown, which last was my *brunette* in propria persona, trotting in my imagination at

Digitized by Google

full swing—in short every coloured devil but *grey*, which was rather too antiquated to disturb my brain.

Three o'clock struck, when my doors flew open, and in walked my *Adorata*, dressed as attractively as art and good taste could attire her. A Frenchman would have *flown* to meet her; a Spaniard would have thrown himself at her feet; an Italian would have recited some *extempore* effusion of tenderness and romance:—but what did John Bull do? Why he, (in my person) rose up out of temper; and cried, "I thought you had forgotten me altogether, and did not mean to come." Adelle was too good a judge of the human heart to be offended at my ill

Digitized by Google

humour. On the contrary, she saw that her absence had made me unhappy, and gloried in her success. Then she proceeded to inform me, that she had been working for my interest, i e. *L'interet du cœur;*" for, continued she, " *puisque vous dites que vous m'aimez.*"—Here I was so transported with joy, that I very roughly, and aukwardly seized hold of her, and saluted her most heartily and unceremoniously. For a moment, she seemed to be displeased, and withdrawing herself from my *paws*, exclaimed, " Fi donc! Monsieur, c'est fort vilain ce que vous faites la; l'on n'embrasse pas comme cela *sur la parole.*" I humbled myself before her; then after the preliminaries being agreed upon as to

Digitized by Google

my keeping a respectful distance, and observing moderation in my transports; and after she had refused refreshments of wine, or any thing else, with a pretty *rien de tout cela,* she began to communicate her plan.

Whilst standing on the very tip-toe of expectation, in order to catch every syllable, she kindly informed me, that as business called her to Paris, she was determined, on my account, to hasten her journey, which she had otherwise proposed taking in about ten days; but that she had the greatest difficulty in making her friends consent to the measure; that she had been obliged to use *beaucoup de ruses,* and employ her invention to its fullest

Digitized by Google

extent; that she had informed her friends she knew me intimately in England, and was under much obligation to me and my wife.—"My wife!" interrupted I, "why the devil did you give me a wife?" "*Pour inspirer de la confiance,*" answered she: "*que vous etes jeune!*" I thought she was going to add *que vous etes bete,* which would have been equally true. "Then," continued she, "I persuaded them that I could go under your protection, and that we were to join your wife and family at *Amiens,* and proceed together to the end of our journey.

"But," concluded she, "do not give me cause to repent of my dependance on you—*point de frivolité:—de la*

Digitized by Google

sagesse—de la sagesse, mon ami (patting me on the cheek) *soyez un bon Garçon, et je serai votre sœur.*" This last sentence confounded me not a little: I felt quite what a friend of mine calls *flabergasted.* She perceived my confusion; and, with a grave and severe air, exclaimed, "I am mistaken in you, and we are mutually mistaken: *vous me prenez.*"—Trembling lest she should add, that I took her for any thing improper, I suddenly exclaimed; "I take you for the most enchanting woman in the world, and I am the most unhappy of men." A becoming suffusion of crimson lit up her countenance, gave double lustre to her eyes, and a charm foreign to her usual complexion: then abruptly leaving

Digitized by Google

me, she told me, that we must prepare for our departure; that I must purchase a carriage which a brother-in-law of her's would kindly sell me; for, observed she, since the army has been disbanded, he has no more occasion for it. I assented with gratitude to every proposal; implored her to be as quick as possible in making her arrangement, as I burned for the commencement of our journey, and "in spite of Nature's" stubborn plan, who never intended me for an impassioned lover, I did violence to my limbs, hopped down upon one knee, and kissed her hand, which she gave me, with all the magnificence of a sovereign.

Whilst the amiable companion of

Digitized by Google

my intended journey was occupied in making her preparations, I amused myself with inspecting the *diligence*, a moving mountain, with what they called a *cabriolet* in front, more like a booth at a fair than any thing else.

To obtain an idea of a diligence, without crossing the water, imagine first a common dung cart on two wheels; another vehicle like a large one-horse chaise with a hood, on another pair of wheels; then a very large clumsy coach body suspended between them; and all connected by a beam, like the shaft of a mill wheel. Over the top of the coach is a deep square basket, fitting the roof, called "l'imperiale." In this, and in the cart

Digitized by Google

body, the luggage is packed, and the whole is covered with straw and a tarpaulin. The inside of the coach is very roomy, and though calculated for six, would very liberally stow eight in the English fashion. There are no springs, and no part of the vehicle is painted, except the sides of the coach body. There are two raw boned coarse things, called horses, in the shafts, and three others of the same sort abreast in front: the postillion rides on one of the shaft horses, and drives the others with rope reins. The harness is coarse, clumsy, and most uncouth; and certainly, the poorest farmer in England would be ashamed of sending his team to plough with such miserable equipments.

Digitized by Google

On the top of this machine was a huge, shaggy, intelligent dog, (if one of the canine race may be so called). There he was, placed on the *defensive*, and, indeed, often on the *offensive*, as the guardian of public property; whilst, in the cabriolet, a not less noisy, but far less intelligent dog, called the *conductor*, presided with equal importance, a pipe stuck in his mouth, a fur cap upon his noddle, and seeming to say, "*I am the master; and comptroller of all this party,*"

The tardy brutes of cart horses that were attached with cords to this monument of national clumsiness, stood motionless until they were set off by obscene oaths and execrations, horrible

Digitized by Google

to hear; and such a noise did they raise at starting, that one would have thought that the allied artillery, camp equipage, nay, the whole "camp, pioneers and all," were set in motion. Yet it was *festina lente* with them, or rather *vox et præterea nihil;* for, in spite of the reverberations of a huge whip, with *allez en route,* the din of wheels, creaking of timbers, straining of hemp, and *confusion of tongues,* they were not so *locomotive* as might be expected, but trotted off, in ordinary time, to the tune of *Vive Henri Quatre,* sung *contre cœur* by a parcel of surrounding vagabonds. "*Chi va piano va sano e lontano,*" said I, muttering to myself. Murphy did not understand one word of this; but he had been

Digitized by Google

silent a long time, and could stand it no longer. Silence and solitude are severe punishments to the sons of Erin. "Posting in Ireland is a joke to this!" triumphantly cried he. "Indeed it is," replied I. "I never *see'd* the like of this," continued Murphy, "except at Ghent, where they have the diligence and the *eclair*: now the *fly* goes about fifteen miles in sixteen hours, and the *flash of lightning thunders* along at about sixteen miles in fifteen hours." I could not help smiling at Murphy's account, which delighted him mightily; first, because it proved him a travelled man, and next, because it put me in good humour.

A French postillion is more univer-

Digitized by Google

sal in his capacities, in proportion as his administration is less defined, and his means less complete. He is off and on his horse's back twenty times in the course of one stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. As ropes are likely to break, he is not surprised or dismayed, if called upon to mend those by which his horses are tied, rather than harnessed; and this he does with packthread, if he happens to have any in his pocket, and with his garters if if he has not. Should a passenger call, he dismounts, and pops his head into the window, as he runs by its side, leaving the animals that draw the coach to their own guidance; a freedom which they are accustomed to, and therefore seldom abuse. You

Digitized by Google

scarcely ever look at him but you find him repairing an accident, knotting his whip, or mending his saddle, or joining a bridle, or knocking some part of the machinery with a stone picked up from the road. The progress of the traveller does not stop while these repairs are making.

The whole management of the diligence belongs to the conductor, who pays the postillions, regulates all disputes respecting precedence among the passengers, orders dinner, and sits down with the company as perpetual president; he talked very glibly, smoking his pipe all the time with an easy sort of familiar impudence which would not be tolerated in England; he, however,

Digitized by Google

feels the dignity of office, and seems to care very little for the opinion of his passengers.

Notwithstanding all disadvantages, they manage by dint of whipcracking, to travel at the rate of five miles an hour; the roads are exceedingly good throughout, and between Calais and Paris there is scarcely any thing which can be called a hill; yet at every little rising ground which would not impede the gallop of an English coach, the French postillion allows his horses to crawl *ad libitum*. I may as well mention, in this place, that on such occasions, I have always got out and walked on, conversing with the country people who were passing along the road, and

Digitized by Google

who seemed much pleased with the compliment, and have been surprized at the vivacity and intelligence of their conversation, and especially at the air of mildness and "*bon hommie*," which made me feel at home amongst them. Judging from what would have been the state of mind of the English peasantry, if an enemy were in possession of the country, I was prepared to expect rudeness and brutality, and to make allowance for it. On the contrary, their whole conversation was friendly and civil; they made terrible complaints of the Prussians, and vowed "horrible vengeance," but it is now too late, they must "eat the leek." They spoke of the English as having behaved uniformly well, and there was every appearance of sincerity in the assertion,

Digitized by Google

but they said the Belgians had behaved still worse than the Prussians.

The country from Calais to Paris is in the highest state of cultivation; I have scarcely ever seen a dock, thistle, or nettle in the whole journey: but it is all open, no hedges or apparent enclosures; no trees, except a row on each side of the road, nearly the whole distance; there are no plantations for ornament, no gentlemen's seats, no farm-houses, and no cattle; so that the country, although very fruitful, has a barren and rather dreary appearance. The villages are chiefly composed of hovels, consisting of only one room, or two at most, very low, generally built of mud, thatched, and whitewashed, with

Digitized by Google

scarcely one better house in the whole precinct. The only respectable habitations are in the large towns, which lie at considerable distances. There is no such class as the English farmers; but the ground is almost invariably cultivated by men who have one, two, or three acres each. The contrast between the fertile and highly cultivated state of their little plots of earth, and their own apparent misery and poverty is very striking, and produces a very disagreeable impression on the mind. There must be some radical error in the present structure of society here to account for it.

While the diligence was yet standing at the door, the passengers were an-

Digitized by Google

noyed by a legion of mendicants, who had almost the appearance of *a legion of devils.* To the English part of the passengers, they addressed themselves in *particular,* and some of them had the impudence to say, *one sol John Bull; spik English;* and an abundance of similar trash, whilst *all* joined in laughing at our peculiarities.

My *brunette* now arrived, with a strange, swarthy, hard-featured coxcomb at her side. This was *mon beau frere,* the vender of the *caleche.* He asked me two thousand francs for the machine, which I thought about twice its value; but he informed me that he was an *ex aide-de-camp,* and that *entre gens d'honneur,* there is but *one*

Digitized by Google

word; *i. e.* I was to be bullied and cheated. But he was a relative of the *brunette's*, and this reconciled every imposition to me. The *ex aide-de-camp* had a kind of *varnish*, or rather *veneering*, far different from the polish of the *ancienne cour*;—it was assumed consequence, grafted upon ignorance; a pompous, respectful bow, where no respect was meant; a grin, but not a smile, which rather assumed consequence than expressed condescension; the stiffness of the drill-serjeant allied to the familiarity of the coxcomb:—in a word, he was solemn, shallow and detestable.

After receiving my money for his carriage, he familiarly asked me, as a

Digitized by Google

favour, to take him to Montreuil; on our road to which, I with much regret, a blush of indignation, and some hesitation, agreed. Adelle winked at me, and said that I should be doing both of them a great favour, then (pressing my hand) asked me if any thing had put me out of humour, and tripped into the vehicle; my unwelcome fellow traveller succeeded, I stepped in third, whilst Murphy, gay as a lark, followed our three-in-hand concern upon his bidet.

As we stopped for two hours at Boulogne, we only reached Montreuil in the evening, and halted there all night. During our short stay at Boulogne, I bought a profusion of baubles and

Digitized by Google

trinkets for the object of my idolatry, which she accepted with that species of hesitative delicacy, which seemed rather to confer than to receive a favour, whilst I thought myself devilish clever by my happy quotation on her admiring the trinkets: "You mend the jewels by the wearing them."

My new military companion had been very communicative on our journey, and I could collect from his conversation, that he was a rebel to his present lawful king, and had *gone about* three times since Napoleon's first abdication, as *he* called it. He exulted much in shewing me the usurper's pillar, *destined* to celebrate his triumphs in England. I asked him if

Digitized by Google

he understood English; and on his saying a *littel,* I told him that it ought thus to be described—

"Where Bony's pillar, towering to the skies,
"Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and *lies.*"

This mortified him exceedingly, and I had the comfort not to hear him speak for twenty minutes afterwards.

My enchanting *brunette,* to enliven our conversation, and dissipate our hero's gloom, began speaking bad English with such grace and playfulness that I prefered it to the pronunciation of a Siddons, and the grammaticality of a Lowth. Amongst other things, she told me, she went out with a rich uncle during her childhood to Mar-

Digitized by Google

tinique, and that she had seen the Island of Madeira, and the Island of Great Britain, and many other Islands besides.—"And which of them," enquired I, "do you prefer."—"The Isle of *Man!*" replied she, with a loud laugh.—I did not join in this mirthful sally, I wished she had not made it. I thought it indelicate, and discovered the first defect in what I had thought a *paragon* of perfection.

The aide-de-camp covered himself with a *fist* full of snuff, which he took in abundance; and I perceived that he had the hand of a mechanic or a labourer. He was like a coarse model, ill-finished, and of light surface, where you continually discover the rough

Digitized by Google

yellow clay breaking through a slight coat of *plaster* of *Paris*. But I was afterwards more familiarized to these contrasts, finding vulgarity under the embroidery of a marshal, and the grossest materials studded over with stars and ribbands. To add to my mortification, he was violently amused with his *belle sœur's* piece of wit, and laughed immoderately at it, whilst I was obliged to fetch a short cough to conceal my want of relish for this *attic* salt.

Our hero had been offensive to me in more than one instance; he had the pertness to observe, that our noblesse were a motley mixture, whilst that of France was purely military—a *noblesse*

Digitized by Google

d'epeè; that one was sprung from a wool carder, and many from mercers and silversmiths, who had been Lord Mayors of London; that Lord C—— was lineally descended from a tailor; and he concluded by saying, that he supposed Mr. B——, the pastry cook, as he had filled the civic *chair,* would sit one day or other on the treasury *benches,* and mount like many others, to the peerage. This attack upon the pastry cook, was near making me *crusty,* and, had not the brunette trodden upon my toe, and frowned at her relation, I verily think that I should have precipitated him out of his old rattletrap into the muddy lap of his maternal earth. The frown of the lady, however, produced an apology,

Digitized by Google

and I treated him with taciturnity and contempt, until the wine after dinner produced an oblivion of the past.

Our repast being over, I got *comfortably* in love in proportion as I got *comfortably Bacchi plenus*. Even the loose remark of my dear *brunette* filled me with hope, that my adopted *sister* would in time assume a more tender name: in short, as *Morris* admirably describes it in his song, I felt, that—

> "For me, the lighter head I wear,
> "The lighter hangs my chain."

And in consequence, I redoubled in my amorous advances and demonstrations, at which, both the parties laughed prodigiously. My *half polished blade* of a companion did me the honour to tap

Digitized by Google

me on the shoulder, and call me a *bon enfant*, and *Adelle* did nothing but titter the whole evening. When I discovered that the aide-de-camp had a taste for the pleasures of the table, and drank freely, I formed the plan of making him drunk, that I might enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with his sister-in-law. But here I completely failed; he outflanked me by a sudden movement of the bottle, and poured in a *round* of brandy betwixt every shower of *grape*; so that I was obliged to retreat for fear of a more ample defeat in presence of my goddess, and I left him master of the field!!!

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV.

Con artè ed inganno,
Si cava la meta de l'annò;
Con inganno ed artè,
Si cava l'altra partè.

I AWAKED in the middle of the night, horrified at the idea of being beaten by the Frenchman, exposed to my beloved, and laughed at by both. Perhaps I might have offended where I most wished to please. How little I must appear in her eyes! how disgusting is an intoxicated person! how ungentleman-like! At one time I had a mind to rise early, and fly from my shame;

Digitized by Google

at another I planned out a fine speech to obtain pardon of my mistress: then the French fellow—I wished him in Egypt. Perhaps, said I, he may have been a little confused himself, and not have perceived my folly to its full extent. At length, I resolved to rise early, to buy some elegant present, and to offer it in token of repentance at the shrine of beauty. A little self-approbation whispered in my ear that I was not viewed with indifference by *Adelle*, which was a *panacea* for heart-ache, head-ache, heat, fever and bewildered brain; and then again, I consoled myself by saying, that drinking brandy was unbecoming *un homme comme il faut*, though not unusual with the tyrant's officers; that to ap-

Digitized by Google

pear *en militaire* I had foolishly taken half a pipe, and drank what he called *shnaps* before dinner, and that I was not so very, *very* much in fault. Turning round, therefore, I fell asleep with perfect composure.

At a late hour, Murphy came to my door, and knocked violently. "What's the matter?" cried I.—"Nothing;—but I feared your honor might be after wanting something before; for I knocked twice besides now, and you were fast asleep."—"When a man is asleep, Murphy," cried I, "he generally wants nothing, but (rising, and letting him in) I want to dress as soon as possible, for I fear that I shall keep breakfast waiting." "You will be

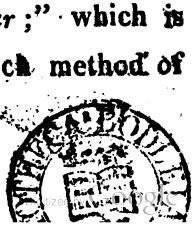
Digitized by Google

time enough for that," observed Murphy, looking very strangely; "for you will have nobody to quarrel with you about it."—"Why," suddenly interrupted I, "have they breakfasted, and is the carriage waiting; and what does the lady say?"—"Faith, I don't know; but you'll soon be in the secret; for here is a letter from her."—"How!—which—what!—what can all this mean?" I shook like the tremulous leaf, agitated by a sudden breeze. I had not strength to break the seal, but threw myself into a chair, and felt more than heroines feel, when they bolt their doors, and throw themselves in a pet on the bed.—"They're both off," added Murphy, "and have stolen your honor's carriage, which they should not

Digitized by Google

have done had I been up. Indeed," observed he, "I always thought that the lady *was no great shakes.*"—"Hold your tongue," cried I, in an angry tone; "it's all false, it's impossible." "Just as you please," said Murphy.

I dressed myself with the utmost precipitation, and ran down stairs to ascertain whether Murphy was correct in his account. On questioning our inn-keeper I found it too true. He told me that *Monsieur le Colonel* had taken his carriage, and that he and his sister had left Montreuil at day-break. In vain did I tell him that I had bought the carriage; his only answer was "*C'est possible, monsieur*;" which is an indirect half-civil French method of



telling you that you tell a confounded falsehood. After a few moments pause, I opened the fatal *billet*, which ran thus:

"Mon bon ami—my good friend—
"your indiscreet familiarities, and the
"exposure of your passion for me, have
"ruined me in the eyes of my brother-
"in-law. My conscience, and your
"veracity, can testify as to my inno-
"cence; but he thinks otherwise.
"Burning with indignation, he was
"resolved to call you out, which de-
"termined me on allowing him to take
"me off this morning. I wish I could
"feel indifferent as to you; but, *pour*
"*mon malheur*, it is otherwise. I
"know that you would not expose me

Digitized by Google

"to travel in a common *diligence*, and "I cannot hire a carriage here; I will "therefore, send your *caleche* to Per-"regaux, the banker's, in Paris, where "you will find a letter from me. I "have promised my cruel brother-in-"law never to see you; but my heart "cannot consent to such a privation. "We will meet at Paris.—*Adieu, trop "aimable Anglais!*"

These words awakened all my tenderness for *Adelle*; and, to my shame be it spoken, I burst into tears! Whether true love, brandy, or general debility, from free living, was the cause, I leave to the decision of the intelligent reader.

Digitized by Google

However unsuccessful *Adelle* had been, I found a thing called a *cabriolet*, lined with a sort of a *ci-devant* crimson velvet, so mildewed and damp, that toad-stools, and other fungous matter, were growing in the corner of it; and Murphy and I were obliged to sit upon our great coats all the way. I threw myself into the corner of this vile apology for a post-chaise, with rope harness, in a kind of stupor, and began to pass in review the incidents of a short but very eventful period of my life. I was far from home, shattered in frame, deeply in love, shallow in pocket, perhaps duped and played upon, or perhaps the cause of affliction to an amiable young woman, on whom my attentions had made too strong,

Digitized by Google

too lasting an impression. Yet, there were great inconsistencies in her conduct:—she received my presents; she very unceremoniously took my carriage; her brother-in-law left me his and her bill to pay—and I did not know the name of either of them.—'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange!' But then again we were to meet at Paris. Should I run away with her? Should I marry her?—Marriage, thou *pleasing*, *dreadful* thought! muttered I to myself, as we arrived at the first stage from Montreuil.

I ordered Murphy to pay the postboy, and to see three fresh horses attached to our vehicle—and off we set. I was still in a *reverie*, when Murphy,

Digitized by Google

touching his hat, cried, "Your honor, the boy is going at a walk."—"*Allez!*" exclaimed I.—"I go fast enough," replied the fellow, "for a miserable thirty sols." This was the sum (which, from economy) Murphy paid the last driver. "Fifty *sols*," said I, with a slap of my hand on the old rattle-trap. "*Attendez*," said the driver, and beckoning to a girl at a cabin door, took a glass of brandy, and brushed off in a gallop. After about three miles driving he was so intoxicated, that he could not manage his horses. Twenty times we were in the greatest danger of being overturned. At last, Murphy presented a horse-pistol at him, and swore he would shoot him if he did not stop. This produced the desired

Digitized by Google

effect. Murphy got out of the chaise, bundled the Frenchman into the bottom of it, and drove off in triumph, exclaiming, "This is the way of them all! they get themselves mad with brandy, and then who so brave as they! they'll fight, gallop, and drive to the devil! Did'nt I see enough of them at Waterloo? Three mad fellows, as drunk as Chloe, charged through the ninety-second regiment. Our brave fellows did not like to kill 'em at first; but enough is as good as a feast; and when they began slashing about right and left, they very properly knocked them on the head, (*pour encourager les autres.*) A parcel of horse soldiers came after; but when they found themselves some dead, and some wounded, they set

Digitized by Google

off back again faster than they came." "Bravo!" Murphy! said I.—Murphy smiled self-applause; and I never was driven so well in my life, as during the rest of the post.

On arriving, Murphy shouted out, "Old Ireland for ever! I believe I have astonished the French *Garcoons* this time." 'Garcoons,' I thought was Murphy's bad French, but he informed me that it was good Irish, and signified the same thing. Many French and Irish words, it appears, are similar.

The postmaster was very indignant at our conduct, and took the part of his drunken countryman, who swore he was quite sober—only a little *mistifie*

Digitized by Google

by hard driving, and our ill usage. I paid a heavy price for peace, much against Murphy's will, and we got on safely, and without any further adventure to Amiens.

I stopped, and slept at Amiens; and whilst viewing the cathedral, met with the buck who had so rudely bespattered me on my road to Dover. My first impulse was to go up to him, and demand an apology for his insolent conduct. But he saved me the trouble; for stepping forward in the most gentlemanly manner, he accosted me, told me that he had many apologies to make me for his seeming rudeness; but, that the driver of the stage and he had a quarrel at a *milling* match, where he

Digitized by Google

would have *punished* the fellow if he had not shewn the *white feather*, and that ever since he hated the *spoony*.

Such a mixture of good breeding and flash, the appearance of fashion, and yet the ton of the *fancy*, was a great contradiction:—the gentleman, however, preponderated, so I accepted his excuse, and we fell into conversation.

Just as our colloquy began, Murphy, who had been saying his prayers in a corner of the church, which he hurried a little more than ordinary on perceiving Mr. Matchem (this was the gentleman's name), took me aside to

Digitized by Google

remind me that this was our foe; and observed, that if I would *settle* the master, he would dispose of the man. Murphy being ready for the fight, and being fully disposed to pass from prayer to battle, was greatly mortified to find matters wear so pacific an appearance. "I'll bring the groom to his marrow-bones," muttered he, in a disappointed tone, and walked solemnly and slowly away. Strange is this mixture of religion and war, of piety, forgiveness, blood-shed, and battery, which forms so considerable a portion of the Hibernian character.

On our return to the inn, Mr. Matchem introduced me to a female, whom he called Maria; but whom I, through

Digitized by Google

delicacy, always addressed as Mrs. Matchem. We spent a very happy and agreeable evening together, and retired at a reasonable hour to rest, mutually promising to stop at the same houses on the road, and to improve our acquaintance at Paris.

The following morning, after breakfast, my new acquaintance was very anxious to shew me his travelling establishment, every part of which was admirable—good cattle, carriages, well-broke and handsome dogs, et cetera, et cetera, not forgetting his Joe Manton (as he called it) a rifle, fishing rods, and every sporting *apparatus*. It was a great *falling off*, and had like to have been a *greater*, when we came to

Digitized by Google

my ricketty and mouldy machine.—"How could you get into such a concern?" exclaimed our buck; "what an article!—a pretty piece of travelling furniture! Why you ought to have your life insured before you start," added he, "you'll break your neck before you get twenty miles further!"

Though all this was true, yet I could not help feeling humiliated and mortified at the strictures passed on my miserable machine. Mr. Matchem then proposed that I should leave it at Amiens, and accept of a place in his carriage, depositing in the inn-keeper's hands the rate of hire as far as it had gone, and writing to Montreuil to state my reasons for not taking it on to

Digitized by Google

Paris. To this, after some hesitation, I consented; but the inn-keeper was not so easily arranged with, for he insisted on the full price of the machine to Paris, and would return the residue should the proprietor at Montreuil be satisfied with my offer. Poor John Bull must always pay!—*payez toujours gros papa*, as I heard an impudent tradesman say to a fat countryman of mine who threatened him with a law-suit—*et nous plaiderons apres.* Here he was right; for he knew that the Englishman had no chance.—A word to travellers—the *first* loss is the *best*.

I handed in Maria; and on motioning my young friend to follow, he said:—"go along, go along, dammy—

Digitized by Google

step in—all right and tight—yea-yip!" and turning round to me with a smile, added: "entre amigos horrados, cumplimientos son escusados," as we say in Spain. Then, stamping on the foot board, and flourishing his whip, we flew off at a most rattling pace. "Nothing like keeping the *tits* up to their traces," said he, "a pretty pair of *wheelers* master;"—with much more slang, which has escaped my memory. Here was again a strange mixture of the low-lived and refined, the stable and the drawing-room.—Such was the varied character of young Matchem; but it is not yet time and place to give his history.

Turning round, I beheld Murphy,

Digitized by Google

what I thought a little cut, or as he (more scientifically, or astronomically if you please) termed it, *rader moony* :— he seemed in high spirits, or *high* spirits in him: a considerable flush on his face, and a black eye completed his whimsical appearance.—" What has happened to you Murphy?" said I.— " But a trifle," answered he, with a light and good-humoured toss of the head, which in Irish means—" devil may care."

On we all went in perfect good-humour. Murphy was shining off prodigiously to the groom with broken Spanish and French, which he had picked up in his *campagnes*, and was moreover tipping him what the sailors

Digitized by Google

call a *long yarn*, and singing in a most audible voice: "*Viva Ballasteros, y Muerto Napo-ladron.*" * This (though an humble example), was still a striking instance of the superiority which the travelled have over the untravelled part of society.

But a word of Maria.—She differed in many things from spouses in general; for, instead of being the *tormentor* of *one* husband, she had been the constantly good-humoured, never contradicting, and pleasant wife of *many*. All her partners had a taste for ruining themselves, and she kindly aided and

* The Spaniards very wittily and truly, instead of Muerto-*Napoleon*, transformed the word into Napo-ladron; *i. e.* Nap-the-robber.

Digitized by Google

abetted them in the same. Far from expostulative curtain lecturing on the vices of the age, and especially the money spent abroad, she—dear high-spirited creature! encouraged gaming, horse-racing, drinking, and every kind of extravagance, and never checked the expenditure of money *abroad*, provided she were allowed the disbursement of an equal sum at *home*. She had moreover an elegant liberality towards waiters, servants, post-boys, and chamber-maids; for, whatever her mate gave, she either requested him to double, or give a similar sum out of her purse, and brought it into the house-keeping account. Change, she never took; copper she never looked on; nor allowed remnants of bottles of wine,

Digitized by Google

fruit, biscuits, or the like to be put by, as low-minded house-wives are wont to do. Nothing was permitted to appear before her, except of the most costly, refined species; so that her deary was every where praised by waiters, lauded by inn-keepers, quoted as a man of taste, and acknowledged to have the kindest, best, and most expensive partner in the world. Nor was she a *sleeping* partner by night; for the sun's rays generally lit her to bed, and a multitude of torches obscured the moon's pale ray, which otherwise would have intruded on her dinner hour.

The world was malicious enough to say, that Maria had ruined four *pro-*

Digitized by Google

tectors:—such, I believe, is the *right* term, probably since the time of Cromwel protector, *Rei publico*. The truth, however, is, that these four gentlemen, Sir Jeffery Gingerbread, Lord Horsemagog, young Goldfinch, and one of the *Dei minorum gentium*, chose to ruin themselves, whilst she only looked on, and *smiled* upon the ruin.—And why should she *frown*? Sweet woman, she never *frowned* in her life:—it would have spoiled her features! Neither did she upbraid, but quietly left them, leaving the prettiest, tenderest letters of advice behind her.—She was *agonizingly* afflicted at what had occurred, and *tremblingly alive* to their distress; but she owed it to their *real* interest, and her *own peculiar*

Digitized by Google

situation, not to indulge in unavailing sympathies, but to *tear herself* away from misfortunes which she could not prevent, and the sight of which would go well nigh to break her tender heart. She was certainly a beautiful woman, and a facetious companion, and my whole anxiety was, lest young Matchem (for whom I began to interest myself warmly) might not have a fortune adequate to their mutual taste for expense.

I shall abridge the uninteresting detail of the remainder of our journey, and only inform my Reader that we arrived safe at Paris, though too late to see any thing of the town that night, and too fatigued to think of any thing

Digitized by Google

except refreshment and bed, and except my enchanting Adelle, on whose account I sent to Perrigaux, the banker's, to enquire for letters. I found a most impassioned one from her, full of tropes and figures, racks, pangs, wheels, hearts, and darts. Never did the *Inquisition* present a more awful array of them. She painted the horrors of absence in the most salvator rosarian colours; whilst I in every thing sympathized with her; and, on looking at myself in the glass, thought I possessed many advantages which I wondered I had never perceived before. Kissing the *billet-doux* thrice, which is quite *en regle*—tearing off the address of my *inamorata*—and then putting the remainder in the fire

Digitized by Google

to increase my *flame*, and perform a point of honour towards the object of it;—a ceremony, which, in love affairs, is equally according to *Hoyle*, I commenced my restless night, and looked forward to a happy meeting in the morning.

The hour of *rendezvous* approached; so loading myself with presents, as if on a mission to the Ottoman Porte, I ordered a *fiacre*, and was about proceeding to the place appointed, when a servant put a letter into my hand. It was from the lieutenant-colonel and *ex aide-de-camp d'Argentcourt*, conceived in the most abusive language, informing me, that I had eloped with his sister-in-law; that I kept her

Digitized by Google

concealed somewhere, as she had left his house, and giving me twenty-four hours to marry her, or fight him. The time was luckily long enough to enable me to make up my mind, though neither of these alternatives just then suited me. It also afforded occasion for explanation with *Adelle*. I therefore told the servant, that his master should hear from me in the morning.—"*A la bonne heure,*" responded the saucy *lacquais;* and I got into the hack much less *mercurially* than I otherwise should have done. I soberly stepped out, and allowed myself to be cheated in my fare.

The *Champs Elyseès* was the place of appointment, where I walked for

Digitized by Google

an hour, ruminating on this strange letter of the *ex aide-de-camp*. It was very much *à la Buonapartè*—one of his rapid movements, of his prompt and decisive measures, which doubtless Monsieur *d'Argentcourt* had learned at the military school. To suffer injustice, or to meet death—this was the *ultimatum* proposed.—Then, again, the *belle sæur* did not keep her appointment. "Meet me," said her delectable billet, "*in* the *Elysian Fields*."—Was this a *hoax?* or was her blood-thirsty brother to send me there? or was I to wait for a meeting of the whole party in the Elysian Fields? —Still no *Adelle*.—Perhaps the colonel had found out her abode, and taken her off.—But that would deprive him

Digitized by Google

of such a brother-in-law as he might never meet again.—Perhaps I was to be surrounded, and assassinated.—In fine, I had worked myself into a fever, when an elegant *voiture* drew up, and out stepped *Adelle*, outdoing in appearance every thing she had ever done. Interesting as this crisis is, I positively cannot resist the opportunity to describe the costume of these Parisian dames.

The dress of the females in the streets of Paris is not at all caricatured, in the following description. A lump, on two legs, seems tumbling towards you under a hat like a snuff-box, with a large nosegay stuck on one side, as if she had been robbing a lord mayor's

Digitized by Google

footman; and a petticoat fringed, flounced, and sticking out, on all sides, like a large bell, of which the two shuffling feet underneath, look like the double clapper. Under the poke, and the snuff-box, the face sometimes entirely disappears: the poet would in vain look for the waist, which he so well described, as "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less." It is tied up under the arms, perfectly hung in drapery; and the man who would repose his griefs, as formerly, on the bosom that was dearest to him, must first ask permission of the chin.

Such is the modern female dress of France, in the worst degree of its deformity. Its origin is curious. A

Digitized by Google

young and modest looking mademoiselle, one of their favorite actresses, who has five or six children by five or six fathers, appeared one evening on the stage in a Chinese part, and of course in the Chinese costume. The lady is pretty, her appearance was fanciful, and above all it was *new*. The belles of Paris were all in the course of the week metamorphosed into Chinese women; and straightway, according to the usual custom of their country, forgot that they ever had been any thing else, and lost all tolerance for those who continued to be any thing else. A freak of the morning, suggested by the theatrical exhibition of the evening, instantly became a standard by which to judge of the rest of the world.

Digitized by Google

This is in the general style of their conduct.—"Mon Dieu, quelle figure!" I have heard them exclaim, from under the concealment of their head dresses, as they ambled along, directing their exclamation against a charming Englishwoman, walking past them with a frank simplicity of gait, and graceful adaptation of her attire to her form. But good example is not without its effects even in Paris. The French ladies were gradually decreasing the extravagance of their attire, and amending its deformities. The English ladies who visited them, and, who, with a proper national spirit, preserved most obstinately, their full, frank, open air and dress, presented such a contrast to poking, bending and puckered dis-

Digitized by Google

tortion, that in spite of its variety, they shamed it into a sense of its own comparative littleness and ugliness. The present, it has been remarked, is not the first time that the French ladies have been recalled from extravagance to nature by the example of Englishwomen. At one of the royal suppers at Versailles, the monarch, Lewis the Fourteenth, was startled by a sudden titter and tumult that burst forth from the crowd assembled to see his majesty eat his jelly and fruit. His dignity was roused to demand the cause of this irruption of natural expression, so opposed to the artificial state of the occasion. He was told, that two foreign ladies had made their appearance in the strangest head

Digitized by Google

dresses; they positively had not a bit of plaster or powder on their heads; their hair was not frizzled or pasted up into an edifice of three stories high; in short, they were frights. Lewis was of opinion, that, if they were as described to him, they must indeed be frights; but catching a glimpse of them, as they stood back in some confusion, he, who had a quick sense and keen relish of female beauty, saw enough to induce him to beg that they might come nearer to his royal person;—they advanced; and the king, after a hearty gaze, pardonable only in a king and a clown, pronounced his decided opinion, that if the ladies of his court were *reasonable* creatures, they would all dress their heads after the manner of

Digitized by Google

the handsome Englishwomen. This speech, putting the affair on the basis of reason, could not but touch the female philosophers of Versailles to the quick. They sat up all night, that their women might lower their cornettes; and next morning appeared at mass with their heads on a reduced establishment. The French account of this important occurrence, describes with much drollery, the assumed looks of gravity which the ladies put on under this metamorphosis; while, in truth, they were smothering the feelings of laughter and shame, excited by a consciousness of looking for all the world like I don't know what. Lewis, however, intimated his warm approbation of the change, and it ac-

Digitized by Google

cordingly became the fashion of the day.

I flew to meet a figure such as I have described.—I rushed to the embrace of Adelle—and she refused it not.—Three diamond rings, a repeater set in pearls, a breast pin of exquisite workmanship, and a dress fan, composed the offering cast at her feet upon this occasion. She received them with less apparent pleasure than heretofore; told me not to be so extravagant, and never to give her any thing beyond a *bouquet*, a pair of gloves, or a present of fruit, in future. She observed, that, being independent, she ought not to abuse the generosity of a stranger. She added, that her bro-

Digitized by Google

ther-in-law had presumed too much on relationship; that what she did in flying with him from Montreuil was to clear up her character; but that at present she was out of his power; and that I was welcome to an apartment in her house, and to share her table.—"Magnanimous! lovely Adelle!" cried I; "but what will the world say?" "We will not live for the world," concluded she, "but for ourselves; so return to your hotel, pay your bill, save your money, and come to my house, Rue de ———." I kissed her hand, and flew off to obey.

Arrived at home, I began to reflect, that it was necessary to settle matters

Digitized by Google

with the *beau frere* before I took up my quarters with her who was the cause of dispute. One moment I thought to myself, that, as *Adelle* was independent; nay, more, seemed to live in some splendour, I might do worse than marry her. Then, again, it would appear so cowardly to be bullied into an alliance; it would be something like the late Lord ———'s *choice*, when a county Roscommoner addressed him with "Will you marry my sister, or not, my lord," holding a horse-pistol in his right hand.—Besides, as *Adelle* was out of his power, and concealed from him, I had no right to treat with him at all.

After my cogitative faculties had

been immersed in cogitabundity of cogitation, I resolved to consult young Matchem, who cried, "Fight him, fight him; by all means shew pluck, my boy:—I'll lend you a pair of marking irons.—We'll parade the gentleman, since he has such a taste for the thing.—Drop him—don't miss him, Johnny,—I'll give you a lesson—never knuckle to a Frenchman." This was all very brave, and very well; but it did not.

"Suit the gloomy habit of my soul!"

It was I, not Matchem, who was to fight, and I should have liked, just as well, a little temperance and moderation; though, to give him his due, he would have fought any thing. He

Digitized by Google

would drink, fight, play, run you, race you, ride you, drive, fish, shoot, toss up for a thousand, or any thing that was dashing; and seemed as anxious that I should *shew blood* upon this occasion, as he could have been in a match of one of his cattle. After a little further conversation, however, he very good-naturedly offered to be my friend, happen what would; to assist me with his horses in case of serious consequences, and to take the letter we should agree upon to this *son of a gun*, who seemed so keen for a shot.

I was now obliged to make Matchem my confidant respecting *Adelle*, and he advised me to follow up the adventure; to go to her house, and wait his answer.

Digitized by Google

to the communication, which he took upon himself to deliver to the colonel. At parting, he tapped me on the shoulder, crying, "*Die game,* Johnny!—*die game!*—I'll stand by you to the last, both science and bottom." He then proposed my taking a drive with him to a retired spot, where he would shew me how to hit the ace of clubs: but at this my soul recoiled, for which he called me a Johnny Raw, and I sat down to compose my answer to the fulminating epistle which I had received in the morning.—It ran as follows:

"Sir,—However I may respect and "esteem your amiable sister-in-law, "the tone of your letter leaves me but

Digitized by Google

"one choice, which is to meet you.
"At the same time, I beg leave to
"add, that your suspicions respecting
"her are as groundless and unjust, as
"your attack upon me is unprovoked
"and unpardonable. I have the ho-
"nor to be, &c. &c. &c."

We sent for an English language-master to translate this into good French, for which I gave him a louis-d'or, and put the superscription ourselves, so that he only knew the contents, but not to whom the letter was addressed. After returning the warmest acknowledgments to Matchem, I shook him by the hand, dressed, tried to look becoming, and set off for Adelle's abode. I put two pieces of

Digitized by Google

gold into trusty Murphy's hand, told him to have my things packed up, in case I should suddenly leave town, and said I should be at home in the morning.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

Ainsi cela soit dit pour qui veut se connaître,
Le plus sage est celui qui ne pense point l'etre.

BOILEAU.

JUST as I was quitting my apartment, I perceived a tear in Murphy's eye, which he dropped on the two pieces of gold which I gave him. I looked at him attentively; when he broke silence by saying, "Sir, you have been a good and indulgent master to me, and have overlooked many of my faults; but I hope I have served you faithfully, and to the best of my ability. I don't want money; and if your honor

Digitized by Google

should need it, it would bring me bad luck. A beck is as good as a wink to a blind man, as we say in Ireland; and, by the experience I have had in the army, I smell gun-powder. Now, if your honour is going to fight, let Murphy be near at hand. I might be useful if your honour should come to harm: and, by the book, I'll be in among 'em if you are hurt. I don't mean to take another place whenever you part with me, but to keep a pig and live pretty with my *owld* mother, upon the pension I have got for my wounds;—so pray don't leave me behind. I'm fit enough to take your part, and my own too; for I've had a round or two with the groom for his reflections on my country; and the

Digitized by Google

devil go with him that would not lose the last drop of his blood for *that same*. You see the black eye that I have got from him; but he did not make much of me, and if they had not separated me from him, I believe I would have separated his soul from his body. However, we are now the best friends in the world; and if you will but condescend to indulge me in being your honor's champion—why (after a short pause)—I'd rather fight than let it alone."

My heart was so full at hearing the unvarnished expressions of noble, disinterested, and pure attachment, that I could make no reply; and squeezing the fellow's hard, but honest fist,

Digitized by Google

hurried away from him as fast as I could.

Honor and delicacy, propriety, and secrecy, require, that a veil, however light, should be thrown over my next interview, and the fleeting hours which I passed with Adelle. I thought her disinterested and kind, hospitable, and condescending. In the morning, I received a note from young Matchem, telling me that he had settled my business with the *ex aide-de-camp*, and inviting me to return to the hotel, that he might shew me the humours of the town, and introduce me to all his acquaintance, for he had been frequently in Paris, and knew every body; which, by the bye, is knowing nobody, as all

Digitized by Google

his associates were English, except a few opera dancing girls and demireps. Thus it is, that John Bull goes abroad with his old habits, and herds with his own countrymen; so, that when he returns, nobody thinks him a man of experience and *usage du monde,* but himself; and thus also it was, that my own conviction of having seen a great *deal,* made me *know very little.*

The following, however, were the characters well known to Matchem, with sketches of whom he amused me.

LORD FALCON.

Quantum mutatus ab illo!

When we see the puny progeny of heroes, the ignorant successors of men

Digitized by Google

of letters, or the deformed shoots springing from an old family tree of nobility, the change strikes us as a national disaster. In the present case, Neptune's car and trident have been converted into a carriage and a whip; and the club of Hercules has been exchanged for the distaff.

In common with many descendants of our naval and military commanders, this peer has sunk into nothing. He contrasts his father's triumphs by keeping a crew of cooks, and by slaying as many chickens and peaceful lambkins as his brave sire ever slew of the enemies of his country. Some, whose ancestors have shone in the army and *navy*, or made fortunes in the *common*

Digitized by Google

pleas, have ended their days in the *fleet* and *king's bench*, which now appears to open as ready a road to fashion and preferment, as the glorious deck of a man of war, or the hot field of continental battle.

Should this scale of sinking thus continue, what must we come to at last! Could the founder of the noble house, which the present lord degrades, look up from the silent grave, how would he lament his labour lost, his perils and achievements accomplished in vain.

The migration of this peer to France, has not a more advantageous effect for the honour of his country, Wander-

Digitized by Google

ing and embarrassed nobles, moping about on the continent, give no very *elevated* idea of the soil to which they belong; they resemble the altered and enervated descendants of mountain chiefs, who have nothing of the mountain about them but the *mist* by which its summit is often obscured.

Our peer, however, to increase his consequence, has added *another great body* to his own; and what he has in heighth, and wants in weight, is thus supplied by the fat fair one, who is the supporter of his arms, and who is a worthy addition to his family escutcheon. There was, we are informed, a division of the house; but it has happily terminated according to the Bour-

Digitized by Google

bon system of reconciliation and clemency: by an act of oblivion, and the old measure of *uti possidetis.*

Whether this queen of hearts is to be introduced to the *upper house,* we know not; but no one is more calculated to promote the *harmony* of any house; and if my lord be not out of tune, they may perform very agreeable *duets,* in preference to the *airs* which of late have ceased to please, and which only recal a sad remembrance of

> " Nel cor pui non mi sento,
> " Bel fior di gioventu;"

Without variations.

MR. D. GAZE.

The commencement of this gentle-

Digitized by Google

man's career, was in the *green* horse (as the regiment was vulgarly called in Ireland); and in it he was considered as a *green horn*. How his horn has since been exalted, or what colour it may have assumed, is not very interesting to the world; but the quondam *cornet* was resolved, that the *horn*, or trump of his fame should not be *mute;* and he consequently made a noise in the world for a certain brief period. His *steps* in the army were not many; and he may fairly be said not to have followed his military companions *pari passu*, for they were crowned with laurels on the field of Waterloo.

During the short time he was quartered in Scotland, he distinguished himself

Digitized by Google

by marrying a well known female, *sans ceremonie;* for the *ceremony alone* was wanting. Nevertheless, his *unceremonious* bride has fixed him with a matrimonial alliance, of which he does not seem at all proud, and which produces nothing but the *name* to him. Knowing his own deficiencies, and having been told that *manners make* the man, he connected himself accordingly; but soon *hopped off* from a second *regularly* acquired bride, in as *unmannerly* a manner as he had disengaged himself from his first *extraordinary* attachment. Like Captain Macheath, he might sing, "How happy could I be with either;" but he must sing it alone, for he is now a *deserted deserter*.

Digitized by Google

He now wanders about on the continent as a poor private gentleman, and gives a very *lame account* of his military and matrimonial journey through life, and of the many imprudent *steps* which he has (every where) taken. Whether from nature, formation, weakness, or necessity, we know not, but he is generally to be found amongst the *legs* —perhaps from a knowledge of his deficiency in *that* point—perhaps from habit—or not improbably from taste; and, as the late Marshal Ney was called by Buonaparte, the *brave* amongst the *brave*, so may this ambitious youth he styled a *leg* amongst the *legs*.

At present, he is *lost* to society, but not *missed*. At the same time, he has

Digitized by Google

the rare merit of having out-*run* the constable as successfully as if he had possessed two as perfect legs as the fleetest pedestrian of the age. We are not without hopes of seeing him yet become a worthy *member* of the House of Commons, unless he hops up, all at once, to the upper house; in which event, he certainly will have *no peer*, at least few, to equal him in extravagance, thoughtlessness, and dissipation. At present, he is without *manners*, without friends, and without wit or money.

LORD CORYDON.

When we reflect, that our noble constitution is formed on a sublime plan,

Digitized by Google

and rests upon the basis of wisdom and freedom; that under the constitution and the admirable laws of Solon, a form of government, nearly similar, existed, composed of the Areopagus, and a second house, consisting of four hundred members; we admire our national fabric of jurisprudence as a paragon of perfection, and fancy we should meet a Solon, a Lycurgus, a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, in every patriot and orator within the senatorial walls.—We think we behold the spirits of a Chatham, a Fox, a Sheridan, and a Burke, presiding over the councils of their country.

But when we see inefficient ministers, monosyllabical voters, job representatives, *things in* frock coats, boots, and

Digitized by Google

spurs (the only point about them) buzzing about in the gallery, and leaning over to make a silly remark, or to give their bargained vote, we turn away with disgust. When, in the Upper House, we see scarcely *ought but emptiness*, our liberties voted away *by proxy*, or the puny descendants of ennobled heroes *yawning* over a debate, in consequence of the preceding night's debauch, we cannot help regarding these coroneted insects, like the worms embalmed in amber, described by Pope:

"The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,
"But wonder how the devil they got there."

And when we see others of our nobility sneaking about under armorial degradation, from town to town, and

Digitized by Google

from state to state, we are still more disgusted, and feel tempted to tear the escutcheon from their carriages, to be entombed with their illustrious progenitors who won it in the field of fame.

In America, some years ago, a certain peer, B———, and his sister, vegetated under feigned names; and, all over Flanders, was to be met Lord C——, whose family is so illustrious as to have claims on the crown of France, whose ancestors were said to have been allied to every crowned head in Europe, whose possessions at home are splendid, whose arms are magnificent; yet he, sickly looking animal, crawls about the world either unnoticed or

Digitized by Google

notorious. You may *wind* him at half a league, so strong is he of the civet cat; and you may see him either hanging on the arm of an effeminate stripling, or walking, "like Contempt, *alone*."

Is this the descendant of an ancient baron? How does the following device fit him; Let him answer the question himself: "Ubi lapsus, quid feci?

THE HON. GEORGE TIPIT.

Here rests the hopes and family consequence of an illustrious and ancient house; the title of which, however, is not likely to perish, as it is transmitted in the female line. The peer, who

Digitized by Google

now represents it's head, has been peculiarly unfortunate; and to that misfortune are attributed his many privations, the want of a brilliant establishment, his non-appearance in the Upper House, and his absence from the metropolis. Perhaps this has not been his greatest misfortune; for the worthlessness of his father obscured the commencement of his career, and the undutifulness of his children is likely to cast a gloom over the decline of his life. When we hear a son abuse or despise his parent, he never gains from us esteem or pity, but generally insures himself disgust and disapprobation.

However narrowed Lord A——'s

Digitized by Google

resources may be, it is unbecoming in his son to expose them. He might just as well have adopted prudent economy, and have followed up the noble profession of arms, as have involved his circumstances, separated his interests from his father's, and lived ingloriously abroad, like so many others of our embarrassed nobility, until "things come round," as they call it. —Whether this phrase has any connexion with his taking unto himself a wife, we know not, but we fear that it rather signifies, "until the demise of the present peer."

Some people say, that this young gentleman is good-natured; but his frequent disagreements with a well

Digitized by Google

bred father, casts a doubt upon the subject. When in the army, he stood well with the officers; so he does, we are told with the sheriff's officers; but expensive bills would recommend him to either. Some say also, that he is a good judge of paintings; perhaps he is travelling to *mature* his taste in that art. If, however, he should in future form a *family* picture, we would advise him to keep in view the head of the house, and to delineate him surrounded by dutiful and affectionate children; otherwise, however high the varnish, glowing the colours, or rich the finishing, the *shades* will be too powerful for the lights.

We trust, that this lesson, if ever

Digitized by Google

perused by the gentleman in question, may neither offend, nor be unavailing. In his travels on the continent, or elsewhere, these ideas should ever be present to his mind, and direct him in all *his views* through life.

GENERAL HORSECHESNUT.

Here is another peaceful general!—more known in the wars of Venus, than of Mars. His promotion was rapid; and accordingly he *stands high* in the army list; for, from his size, it was not easy to put any one (be his merit what it might) *over his head*.

He has been *attached* to more than *one corps*. Whether he served honest-

Digitized by Google

ly and faithfully, we cannot tell; but as a good character accompanying a discharge, is necessary only to *privates* in the army, this circumstance can be of no moment. More than one fair dame has accused him of desertion; but deserters in these cases, are always pardoned on returning to their colours; and, what is more extraordinary, they are highly rewarded by female commanders on their entering another service. On many occasions, this sort of rank, reward, and elevation, was very justly bestowed upon the honorable general.

The general is a popular member in the representation of his country; and he made one pun in the house, so

Digitized by Google

excellent that it was thought he ought to have shut his mouth for ever after.

Beauty of person (not to himself unknown) is not his only qualification. He has a strong head, or at least a strong front, and a tough heart; on which account, his friends denominate him a "Clypei dominus semtempleces;" and the ladies describe him as a *general* lover. The late Lady R——, however, could not esteem him as a *generous* lover. Favors boasted of, affections slighted, confidence abused, and services ill requited, so ill become the soldier and the lover, that to call this conduct indiscretion and ingratitude is not too harsh a term. Her ladyship's son, however, may thank

Digitized by Google

him for an agreeable surprise on the opening of her will.

Buonaparte paid such minute attention to military matters, that he descended even to particulars in dress. He superintended, as well as ordered, the form, quality, and fitting thereof; consulting ease, comfort, and appearance. He even pointed out decorations and devices, emblematical and explanatory of merit. The marshals and generals were covered with rich trappings, glittering distinctions and embroidery, representing the laurel and the oak. The whole etat-major bore on the button the trophies of war. In some departments, the oak alone shone in spangles; the commissariat had ears

Digitized by Google

of corn embroidered on their trimming; the secretariat and prefecture bore the embroidery of the olive or palm; whilst the marine entwined the laurel about the anchor.

This appropriate plan of dress might, not unprofitably, be introduced into our army; and would serve to point out the *nature* of the services of those who should wear it. On our fighting generals we would bestow the laurel and the oak, the trophy and the star; on our generals whose *services* have been merely *civil*, the ivy round a staff; on general quilldrivers, the goose's feather, embroidered in a *scroll;* on the commissariat, wheat sheaves bound with a *profusion* of gold; our navy should

Digitized by Google

wear the anchor *simply*, since it will always twine the laurel for itself; the medical department should bear the mercurical caduceus in all directions; Venus's soldiers should have the *blushing* rose; whilst generals devoted to Bacchus and Venus, should with General Horsechesnut at their head, have a *light* tinsel embroidery of the vine and the wheat ear; because, "*sine Cerere et Baccho*, their rank and prowess would be of little avail; and, lastly, the old dowager-generals should mingle the weeping willow with mosswort, and such flowers as are never found in the field.

THE HON. A. PIGEONLOVE.

If ever a right honourable father,

Digitized by Google

with not a blot in his escutcheon, respected as a soldier, quoted as a polished gentleman, honoured by the favor of his sovereign, and distinguished by his prince, had reason to weep over his progeny, certainly Lord —— is the man. The political intemperance of one son called him from the highest command; a second makes an imprudent match; one meets with a lamentable accident; and the honourable gentleman, whose short history we give, wrings a parent's heart by his disgraceful dismissal from the army.

Time was, when the name of ——— was a title bespeaking wit, genius, and worth. The *belles lettres* were enriched by the productions of it's pen; it

Digitized by Google

was the poet's theme, and the man of taste's model; it was immortalized by a Pope; and respected by the public in general!—Alas! *quantum mutatus ab illo!*—Could the old peer, like the unfortunate Priam, enumerate his sons, weeping over their fall, but proudly stating, that they nobly fell in the defence of their country—

"——— dead, all are dead,
"How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!"

We should conceive that his feelings would be less stung, and his hopes less blighted.

However severe or just the sentence of the court-martial may have been, is now of little consequence; degrada-

Digitized by Google

tion has followed; and, perhaps, the worthy father alone has felt it. The last of Mr. P.'s pranks, was associating himself with a play-man, and seducing his mistress, strutting insipidly in a frontier town of France, and living a life of tranquil voluptuousness.

Might not this young man have entered a foreign service, and have sought an opportunity to distinguish his name in some honourable way, to bring back the well earned decorations of some foreign power; or, by travelling and intense study, furnish the tenement of his brain, and, as a man of science or letters, redeem that name, which, as far as in him lies, he has

Digitized by Google

devoted to censure, and tarnished by misconduct?

THE MARQUIS OF HORSEMARINE.

A mixture of the army and navy in one person has always appeared to us an unnatural alliance; but, as any thing would sit gracefully on this young nobleman, it appears to less disadvantage in him.

Sir G. W—— is also rather too much of a landsman to *stand by* the Britannia, if the vessel were in a storm. The old seamen call both these personages lubbers, and pretend that the ship would be in danger of *missing stays* with such inexperienced hands;

Digitized by Google

whilst others say, that they make up the ship's *compliment*, and that there are plenty of prime seamen on board. The truth, we believe, is, that the *compliment* is as to them, a *mere matter of compliment*, and that these *passengers* do not work the ship at all, but get their rations and allowances in the fashion of a *sinecure*.

If, however, we are deceived, and that they do work the vessel, we beg their pardon, or rather the vessel's. We hope for a prosperous and steady gale, or even that the weather may be *moderate and hazy*, as otherwise, there a my be something *foul* in the rigging; the pilot who weathered the storm will be missed, and if these hands are not

Digitized by Google

paid off, additional ones must be procured, which may *press* upon the country.

FATHER AMBROSIO.

We reverence the church so much, that we sincerely regret to name this gentleman as one of it's ministers; but we regret it the less, as he has long ceased to perfom it's functions, or to represent it's servants in any other way than by disposing of a large benefice annually to his creditors, who have got possession of the lucrative living to which he was appointed; or rather which was, (we believe) purchased for him. Here we must add, that purchase or nomination by family interest

Digitized by Google

appears to us a practise unworthy of so venerable and luminous a body as the Church of England.

The reverend father is an *enfant du cœur*, as the French call it, but not an *enfant du chœur*, although an adopted son of the church, and a very undutiful one; for, we fancy, he has seldom made his appearance, either in *choir* or pulpit. His mamma, may, perhaps, have assisted him in studying the *Hebrew* language: her profession was mimical, her habits *philanthropic!* These circumstances have a good deal influenced her worthy son, for he associates abroad and at home with Greeks.

He married a singer, by way of

Digitized by Google

changing the *scene*; and whilst his kind parent loved her *neighbour*, the reverend father loved his *neighbour's wife*, full as well as his own, of whom, by the way, he has managed to get rid, rather unceremoniously. His father, not very long ago, was elevated to the peerage, for showing a *passive obedience and non-resistance* to his majesty's ministers.

Whether he glories in the son, however, which *Nature*, (unfettered by the galling chains, or by the binding parchments of matrimony) gave him, or not, we cannot pretend to state; but certain it is, that he proves himself *no disgrace to the family*, for he has more wit than most of them, more classical

Digitized by Google

knowledge than all of them, is as extravagant as any one could wish, and is good-looking and good-humoured; besides being able to drink a very huge portion of wine, as the late Duke of N——— well knew, and as his wine merchants would wish they had never known. Moreover, he is a good judge of a horse, a bold rider, and a mighty swearer. Perchance, this *habit* got him *credit*, whilst *credit* got him *habits*.

Whoever goes to Paris, will find the reverend at a feast or a gaming table; and if he wishes to have a round at *milling*, the *all-accomplished* Ambrosio will prove to him that he is of the *church militant*. In the person of this character, however, we very

Digitized by Google

much regret a prostitution of talent, and a *deplacement* as to the profession in which interest situated him. Had he entered the army or navy under strict commanders, and with good examples before him, he might have shone in either; and "when the fight was done," he would have been found a most facetious bottle companion.

This would certainly have been far more in character, than his present life of hanging on a poor peer, mimicking the one half of his friends to amuse the other half, and consuming his life in useless exile, by the wasting taper of a tavern, a gaming house, or some such place of disreputable though fashionable resort.

Digitized by Google

THE HON. BARKING MILLER.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus. HORATIUS.

This ought to be the motto of this *prime* fellow; a *miller*, a *dandy*, the *fancy* of the frail ones, the very *swell* itself; the delight of coachmen, jockies, pugilists, lobby ladies, greeks (not that we mean to insinuate that he is *up*), and the terror of husbands, protectors, box-keepers, saucy waiters, and watchmen. The former classes, as well as his anxious tradesmen, are in deep mourning since his departure; whilst the latter make merry and rejoice at the disappearance of the best gentleman *punisher*, and most dangerous rival in town.

Digitized by Google

This hyper-fashionable is probably going to join the wandering *Arabs* and defeated dashers who now swarm on the continent. The great wonder in life is, how our hero carried on the war so long and so successfully as he did; whilst those who suffered by him in the ring, or by the infidelity of their dearies, chuckle and cry, "I knew he could not stand it long."

A great deal of generosity and good-nature were his strong recommendations to his associates, besides being a high-dressed fellow, and one who was up to any thing, with blood, courage, and bottom to face every thing. The generosity of his right honorable brother, who nobly gave him ten thousand

Digitized by Google

pounds on a festive occasion, must have enabled him to make a *great rally*, and was (to continue the language of the fancy) a lucky *hit* for him.

He has, however, *fibbed* a long while, and he shewed *desperate play* before he *broke away* from his antagonists, and declared *beat*. Many a book-keeping plebeian, however, regrets that he *shewed fight so long*; nevertheless, both friends and foes must allow that he is game, and that whilst he could, he was *at all in the ring*; yet, when nature, rank, and understanding, gave him powers to be the perfect gentleman, it is lamentable that he, in common with many more of our fashionable youths, should adopt the ruffianly

Digitized by Google

taste which is so prevalent now, and which may be viewed in perfection, and copied by the *ambitious*, at the park, the playhouses, the hells, the boxing rings, the race-courses, and other places of fashionable resort. So strong are these propensities, that travelling abroad, and mixing with other nations, have no meliorating effects.

This description of animal is decidedly *gregarious*, for it invariably herds with its own species; and furnishes ample subjects for severe criticism, caricature, lampoon, et cetera, to our neighbours on the continent; to entertain whom, John Bull occasionally treats them with a horse-race, a bull-bait, or a badger hunt; or per-

Digitized by Google

haps with the still more delicate regale of a milling match, or a cock-fight.

When the individual returns to get a seat in the house, a protective title, or an act of grace, it is the only grace about him, and he joins the old set, who are improved by sharp witted poverty, draws the broad eye of admiring curiosity, and gives subject for the tongue of general censure, whilst, perhaps, perched upon his box, and lost in a box-coat, he feelingly and *stylishly* lolls out his tongue at his suffering creditors.

COLONEL DANDELION.

What more can be said of an officer

Digitized by Google

than that he is a *tried* military man? The colonel comes completely under this denomination; for he *has* been tried; and Pat. Commis says, that he'll *back* him against any body; that he furnished *striking* proofs of his opinion on this subject; and that, if the colonel is not the *first* in the field, he is sure to come off *second-best*. It is, however, enough for a man to be *tried* once, without undergoing so many *ordeals*.

Then such mustaches as the colonel sports! It must be allowed that it was a very *barefaced* thing of Pat. Commis to attack a man of such *crinose* appearance. How he must have bristled up under the lash of this Hibernian's re-

Digitized by Google

sentment! What a shame to come across an hussar thus! What will Miss W———e say to this? What will the ladies of Brighton say to this? What will Mother Grundy say to this? What! to see the *original* Dandelion thus scurvily treated?

The circumstance, however, furnishes one useful lesson; namely, that hirsute cap, or crinose fringe of upper lip, whiskers, or Judaical appearance of chin, fierce deportment, or savage aspect, fur, lace, and embroidery, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, cannot ensure respect, or claim attention. A loud voice, high deportment, and imposing air may pass with the vulgar, but they have no effect

Digitized by Google

whatever on men of sense; nor will rudeness or detraction, presumption, or assumed consequence, be tolerated one iota the more, because they are covered by costly trappings, or hidden under a military cloak. We would advise this *soi-disant* hero, whilst putting his whiskers on the *peace*-establishment, to place his tongue at the same time on the *civil*-list.

LORD PARTINGTON.

Green Erin gave birth to this nobleman, unless he was changed at nurse, which is possible, from his not possessing the spurzean organs of devotion and destruction, both so characteristic of that nation. We beg his lordship's

Digitized by Google

pardon, however; for, although he never shewed any *symptomatic* of devotion, yet his taste for seeing men flogged on a *Sunday*, leaves some suspicion of his having the other organ in some perfection. As to his fighting faculty, let him alone for that, as Paddy says;—he may be as fighting a *man* as another, but it is certain that he never tried it; nay, it is supposed, that he would not be rash that way.

So much for Mars. In his sacrifices to Venus, some imagine that he has sacrificed himself; others that he has merely sacrificed his taste. Be this as it may, he has a *chere ami* whom he might back against any one, and a numerous progeny to inherit their

Digitized by Google

mother's virtues, and their father's prowess. These interesting appendages are made followers of the army, and render his lordship's establishment at the regiment not only numerous, but highly *respectable.* Long habit has attached the noble lord to his homely companion, and it is almost impossible for fortune to separate them.

It is said, that the peer was formerly fond of a good song, but he has changed his taste, since a *brogueing* countryman of his sang *too great a tune* to him, and since he paid about six thousand for some pleasant sounds, and the rattle of a pair of dice. It is doubtful, whether the lucky hit produced ready cash, or long-winded

Digitized by Google

security; but certain it is, that this trip to the continent, may highly polish the peer, as hard rubs are very apt to have that effect.

We know not why, but the noble lord has never gained much pity from this transaction; and what is still more astonishing, he is not particularly popular in his regiment, although there is scarcely a private in it who does not bear *striking marks* of the right honourable colonel's exertions for the *discipline of the corps*; and although this noble commander has been indefatigable, both by precept and example, in promoting the good order and morality of men. Thus *backing* his friends, seems

Digitized by Google

to be a high quality of the peer's; and if not extended to friend and enemy alike, must in time ensure him promotion, and qualify him, in his advanced age, to be on the dowager staff of his grateful country.

After Matchem had concluded his biography, which I have translated from the slang, for the benefit of people who have never read the blackguard's dictionary, he proceeded to give me some account of the manners of the female sex in Paris.

This account I shall also relate, and divest the bed and toilet (as I have al-

Digitized by Google

ready done his characters), of all that belongs to the stable, the cockpit, and the ring.

At the best houses in Paris, before the bed is made, and often before the lady is out of it, visitors are admitted. There is little or no feeling in France for any thing beyond, or one side of the actual fact. Thus, a lady will dress behind the curtain, while a gentleman is sitting in the room, hears her movements, and is able to guess every action as she performs it: but what then? she is not exposed to his eyes, and as to his imagination, it is quite free for her, her feelings are not affected by any of its liberties. Mothers will not, indeed, instruct their daughters to intrigue after

Digitized by Google

they are married, and they will not, probably, talk of their own licentious indulgencies before their daughters; but their conversation with their intimates, in the hearing of their children, is sufficiently instructive, that connubial constancy is in little estimation and less practice. Such a lady, they will say, speaking of one who has a husband and children, is not now on terms with that gentleman—*that* affair is over long ago;—it is now Monsieur ————.

An additional inlet to seduction in Paris is at the theatres, where the harlot sits beside the girl of virtue—pretty, demure, attentive to the play, and coquetting with the surrounding beaux. The young lady is from such conver-

Digitized by Google

sation as the preceding, sensible that this woman does little more than her mamma does, and she sees no difference in their carriage. The men behave alike respectfully to both; they are both, then, entirely on an equality to the eye, and nearly so to the understanding.

If often happens too, that severe parents require a young and amiable girl to unite her destiny with that of an old financier, whose riches have made him young again in their eyes. Already sensible that she had not been able to see with indifference, him whom all the graces of youth render captivating, and compelled to marry a man she cannot love, she soon makes

Digitized by Google

amends for that constraint with one who knows how to charm her; so that when a young man has inspired a young woman with tender sentiments, and cannot hope to marry her, he hastens with all his wishes the moment of her marriage with another, very certain that he will obtain the heart, the day when another shall obtain the hand.

The resignation which husbands evince in general as to their lot, must on a little reflection, appear natural enough. There is no country in the world where the men seek more to avoid the moment of uniting themselves for ever. As they are able to procure most of the pleasures of marriage without

Digitized by Google

incurring any of its disagreeables, they seldom fly for shelter into the arms of Hymen, till the torch of love is entirely consumed. But these arms seem to receive them only on condition, that they shall indulge others, as they have wished others to indulge them. In general, they conform with a good grace to a cruel dilemma; they know, that if they have formerly distinguished themselves in certain combats, they can no longer, when old invalids, shew the same ardour; and, when at last they determine on a retreat,—those whom they espouse, marry only to begin the battle.

The Parisian ladies have at all times held a well-merited reputation for amour-

Digitized by Google

ousness; they are only reproached for carrying too far that coquetry, of which they know all the refinements, and for listening too much to the counsels of an accommodating sophistry. When austere reason wishes to make its fastidious remonstrances to them, they answer by that known observation of our modern Aspasia; "It is quite certain, that since the invention of gunpowder, there is no longer any impregnable fortress, why expose ourselves to the length of a formal siege, when it is evident, that after much labour, and many disasters, we must capitulate in the end?" The idea of Ninon is become the fundamental principle of the new sect which these ladies form. Their life is fruitful in capitula-

Digitized by Google

tions; but these capitulations are of various kinds; and whilst some are dishonourable, the others bestow a glorious celebrity! Such a woman is known by her numerous defeats, and does not the less preserve in the world the name of a respectable woman. What ought we then to understand by the term respectable? *Tot capita, tot sensus.* The rigid man places the respectability of a woman in her chastity, or in her fidelity to her husband. The libertine willingly honours with the name of respectable women, all those who deliver themselves up to him without any interested motive. The modern gentleman, who is generally indulgent, would take a medium; he would grant this title to her who knows how to conquer

Digitized by Google

herself, and to her who conceals from every observer a weakness, into which her heart alone, as he terms it, has dragged her; but, at Paris, according to the most general definition, a respectable woman is a woman whose weaknesses Hymen covers; and if she adds to the title of wife, that of a rich woman, no one can contend but that she is the most respectable person in the world.

It is not thought an insult in Paris, if a man, sitting down by a married lady, immediately commences making love to her. His language is divested of all unnecessary explicitness; but it has a sufficiently palpable tendency to the last favour a woman can grant. It

Digitized by Google

is, in fact, almost a mere matter of course to address a French married lady in those terms of gallantry, which, in England, are employed to females whose persons are marketable. The woman to whom they are directed, may not be inclined to favor them;—she may be engaged at the moment, or the application may be disagreeable, but she never thinks of resenting the application as offensive. In short, a husband here cannot rationally calculate on his wife's fidelity, and, I believe, very seldom does. If the parties, after marriage, feel themselves very much attached to each other, their reciprocal fidelity is secured by a mutual pledge on honour, which is added to the compact made at the altar, as an extra obli-

Digitized by Google

gation, not necessarily included in the original engagement. Accordingly, after marriage, the wife, young, and uninstructed in morals and duties, is at once emancipated from a state of severe restraint, and plunged into one of licentious liberty and unnatural power; of which a few of the features are, a luxurious boudoir, full of couches and statues—separate bed-rooms—a lover in every visitor—and those customs of society, which are opposed to delicacy, modesty, and genuine reserve.

The chief emblem and representation of this condition of married women, is the boudoir. It is a temple of separation and luxury. It belongs to

Digitized by Google

the wife exclusively; the husband has neither property in it nor power over it. If she were suspected of having a lover concealed within its mysterious enclosure, that enclosure, nevertheless, must not be violated. What I mean is, that such is the rule of good manners in France, and the man who disregards it is esteemed a brute,—an object of the general dislike and disgust of both sexes. The nursery for the children, in the houses of families of rank, contrary to the custom in England, is neglected, and crammed into some inconvenient corner; but the boudoir for the mother, is rich in couches, in statues, in paintings, and in flowers. It is a retreat where

Digitized by Google

Venus might be happy to recline, and is, in every respect, calculated to inspire the sentiments which belong to the devotion in which that zoneless goddess delights.

We must distinguish the respectable women, of whom we have been speaking, from other women who enjoy the same title in all its plenitude; but whom I, who am scrupulous respecting honour, shall only call half-respectable. It is these women, observed particularly in the higher classes of society, who, after having wisely reflected on the impossibility of satisfying all their inclinations with a pension, which they always deem moderate, make

Digitized by Google

that consideration enter as something into the choice which they make of a lover. The ancients ever ingenious in their allegories, pretended that Venus had, for a length of time, a secret intrigue with Plutus, although he was blind, and not very seducing. What I see now-a-days would make me believe that scandalous adventure; not, however, that our half-respectable women are ignorant of the art of giving their weakness a sentimental colour: "Young men are so inconstant, so indiscreet! A woman exposes extremely her reputation with them. How preferable is a man of more mature age, in whom they find at once both a lover and friend!" Though the old

Digitized by Google

lover, is not deceived by those airs of sensibility, still he is flattered by them. In exchange for the plain little ring which she gives him, as a symbol of her constancy, he knows how delicately to offer a diamond one, which she accepts only as a pledge of his tenderness. Thus is established that exchange of gifts necessary to prolong an agreeable intimacy . . . . . Oh! how many modern Jupiters, by submitting to the metamorphosis, have known how to soften these cruel Danais!

The French and English, I may here add, are continually knocking backwards and forwards, like a shuttle-cock, the reproach of want of cleanliness, while, at

Digitized by Google

the same time, neither party adheres to general habits as a test, but fixes on some of those customs, which are mere customs, and as much the result of fashion, as high or low collars or petticoats. At least, they mix these complaints together, as if they were all equally important and characteristic. Each in truth might take a good lesson from that which disgusts him in others; and I really believe, that those who have associated much together, do generally relinquish the indelicate habits of both.

Nevertheless, I must confess, that I claim for my countrymen generally, and especially for my country-

Digitized by Google

women, the palm of superior delicacy. French women make the same accusation against English women, that Swift alludes to, where he says, "A delicate man is a man of indelicate ideas;" and they say, that an English woman's imagination must be extremely turbid if she cannot talk before men of her "*chemise*," and of "going into the bath," without blushing. I do not know which is the best system of defence to adopt for my fair countrywomen, and I will not do mischief by injudicious zeal in their cause. I will simply say, that I think them very superior to their Gallic rivals in genuine modesty, and that I prefer the timid immodesty which carefully avoids any allusion that can suggest such ideas, to the

Digitized by Google

bold delicacy which utters them in defiance.

On my rejoining Mr. Matchem after the dream of delight, which might more easily be conceived than expressed, I found that Monsieur d'Argentcourt was mistaken in his man, and had expected to have intimidated me, and turned me to his own purposes. He explained away every thing, and concluded by saying, that as I had expressed esteem and respect for his sister-in-law, he was satisfied. My friend then begged leave to ask him for my carriage, which he protested he had left in his sister's court-yard, and he hoped that he and I should still be friends. This my spirited friend

Digitized by Google

begged leave to decline, and the matter ended here. Matchem resolved, however, to make every possible enquiry about him, and to discover, if possible, his real history, as well as that of my bewitching *Aaette*.

Self being generally predominant, I thought of little else until we had dined, when the recollection of my faithful Murphy came across my mind. —What could have become of him? "Why," unfeelingly replied Matchem, "they think in the hotel that he has got drunk, and fallen into the Seine." This marred all my comfort, and I could not go to the opera until I had sought him. I went accordingly to the police office, and there I found my

Digitized by Google

friend amusing the guards with long stories. "What brought you here, Murphy," said I." "Not my own good-will," replied he; "but groundless suspicion, and half a dozen of these flashy gentlemen, called *gens d'armes*." On examination, I found that poor Murphy had followed me to Adelle's street, and fearing that some mischief might befal me, had passed most part of the night in watching the house, until at last he was taken up as a suspicious person, wandering in the streets at an undue hour. I soon paid his passage out of *durance vile*; when, on going into an inner room to sign a book, who should I behold, sitting in one corner of it, but the colonel, ex aide-de-camp, *beau frere*

Digitized by Google

d'Adelle! He tried to hide his face, but in vain. I did not chuse to triumph over a vanquished foe; so having ascertained the fact, I left the *corps de garde*. Matchem, however, who was more crafty than myself, gave a crown to one of the *gens d'armes*, and assured me, that the next morning I should be supplied with a full history of my enemy.

We now went to the opera, looked in at Madame de l'Aunay's, and finished our evening at the *Salon des Etrangers*, where I lost five hundred pounds (my friend losing about fifty) and returned to the hotel about 4 A. M. I then felt myself very low, which, appearing to Matchem, he said jocularly,

Digitized by Google

"What a flat you must be to play without rule or calculation; I never lose more than I please." "Then," added I, "if I could do so, I would not have lost a penny." "That's another affair," replied he, and shaking me by the hand, he went to bed. I could not close my eyes. I began to calculate upon my expenditure:—nearly one hundred pounds for the *caleche*, which was in Adelle's possession, and was worth about thirty pounds; nearly three hundred pounds in presents to Adelle; one hundred lost to Major Bluff; five hundred at play; and half as much more of which I could give no account:—all this in one short week; and living, moreover, at the rate of ten pounds a day. On summing up

Digitized by Google

my accounts, I found that I must have overdrawn M. Perrigaux about two hundred and fifty pounds, and must write to England in the morning to sell out of the stocks.—What had I to shew for this?—Nothing!—

Here the door flew open, and Matchem and one of the police entered, who gave Monsieur d'Argentcourt's history, as follows: "In the year 1789, at the age of about twenty years, he was livery servant to the old Count de S———. Having been active in stealing muskets at the Hotel des Invalids, on returning home he was reproved by his master, to whom he behaved with much insolence, saying amongst other things, "*Tous les hommes sont egaux;* for

Digitized by Google

which his master turned him off. He then got into the national guard, and by his intelligence, was soon advanced to the rank of a non-commissioned officer. During the tyranny of Robespierre, he denounced his master, who, with difficulty escaped the guillotine, and emigrated. For this, and other equally meritorious services, he was promoted to the rank of an officer, and under the usurper he got the *brevet* rank, which he now holds. On the return of Louis the Eighteenth, he gave in his *adhesion*, and stuck to him, as most *adherents* of his cast do, until it appeared more to his interest to desert him. This he did on the return of his old master, and served under him during the memorable hundred

Digitized by Google

days of the second usurpation; when, being for the second time taken as a rebel with arms in his hands, and having betrayed his king for the third, he was again pardoned but not employed, a circumstance which has given him so much offence, that he cannot bridle his tongue, but every where vilifies and vituperates the monarch in whose hands his life was placed, and who spared it. He was once before in the hands of the police, but escaped to England. On his return, not being more circumspect than heretofore, he has been apprehended a second time, and will probably be transported for life.

"And do you know any thing of one

Digitized by Google

Adelle, his sister-in-law," said Matchem. The police-man seemed about to answer, when I stopped all enquiry by giving him a double *louis d'or*, and bowed him out. I could not help thinking it very indecent of Mr. M. to profane thus my mistress's name, and got rid of him by saying, that I should soon be down to breakfast.—As I am aware that some of my Readers may be friends to the French Revolution, and others unacquainted with the French army, and may doubt the low origin of this lieutenant-colonel, I will tell them *positively*, that I have known general officers, whose parentage, education, and conduct through life, have not been superior to the example in question. At Bastia, I saw a major,

Digitized by Google

then our prisoner, who was arrayed like a peacock, with three feathers floating in his hat similar to the *tricolore* cockade, and with a most splendid uniform. He was pointed out to me, by different inhabitants of the place, as having been a scavenger *there* a very few years previous!

On sitting down to breakfast, I observed that Maria did not make her appearance. Matchem told me, that she was not expected; and that she was to leave Paris in a few days.—"We are off," said Matchem. I expressed my regret. "Not at all," added he, "the dearest friends must part; she don't suit my capital; the thing won't do; it don't pay; so

Digitized by Google

we part good friends. She has ruined three or four fellows; but she won't do me. I have given her just as much as I mean to spend upon her; and that's flat. If you like to drive her out to-day, I will lend you the four horses. For I shall make myself scarce for a day or two, in order not to be humbugged by the crocodile tears *of merry-tricks*. She has cost me two hundred pounds in two months. I mean to pay her passage home, and I think that's doing pretty well." I made no answer, but looked grave; my heart ached for Maria.—What a difference, thought I to myself, in my attachment for Adelle!—Matchem seeing me look gloomy, burst into a fit of laughter, and cried, "Perhaps you

Digitized by Google

have taken a fancy to her, Johnny;—don't mind me—I'll resign:—but she must be removed from these premises." "You do me injustice," replied I; "I am incapable of such indelicate conduct; moreover, my heart is rivetted to another." Here he gave a long whistle; and quitting the room, said:—"Here she comes like Niobe, all tears: what a farce!" and off he was.

As soon as he left the room, the precious drop quitted her eye; she shook me by the hand; and sat down to breakfast with the utmost composure. In the course of our conversation, she complained bitterly of my friend; called him a base unfeeling fellow, and the like; and assured me, that he had

Digitized by Google

settled twelve hundred per annum on her, which she now found he had neither the ability nor inclination to pay. "I leave him to-morrow," continued she, and with a sweet, persuasive voice, added, "must begin the world again, without friend or protector." "Hard, indeed," said I, though I could scarcely believe what she said; "but if you are short of cash, I must borrow some on my own account, and I will lend you a hundred with pleasure." "Kind of you to a degree," said she, shaking me a second time heartily by the hand. I trembled for fear of myself.—Base Nature whispered in my ear, "Betray your friend."—"Aye:"—But answered Delicacy, "what an unprincipled

Digitized by Google

wretch you would be to do so;" and, exclaimed my love for Adelle, "what would your constant and kind Adelle think?" I hastily rose, and said, that I must go up stairs, and write for money, and that I hoped to procure it in a few hours.

I now set my wits at work to find out how I was to get the sum required, until I could hear from England. In the midst of my perplexity, Murphy made his appearance with a letter from Adelle. My eyes glistened with delight. I hastily broke the seal, and found it contained a long chapter of lamentables. She told me that her wicked relations, in concert with her rascal of a lawyer, had stopped her rents; that they had done this on account of her *liaison*

Digitized by Google

with me; that she would soon make them repent, that her *beau frere* was at the bottom of it all (would he were at the bottom of the sea, said I), and that until she obtained justice, she was in the greatest difficulty. Finally, that if she had not three hundred louis-d'ors in a few hours, she should be quite undone.—I hastened to my banker's; obtained the loan on condition of returning the money when I sold out of the stocks; I sent one hundred to Maria, kept as much more for my own current expenses, and putting the three hundred louis-d'ors in a sealed rouleau in the messenger's hands, I told him that I should be with Adelle in an hour.—"Not until dark," answered he.—"Very well," said I, and I returned to my room.

Digitized by Google

I had been there only a few minutes, when a servant came to announce, that the carriage was ready. I had quite forgotten the proposal made by Matchem to drive out his fair one, and regretted exceedingly that I had not completely declined the offer. I was but a bad whip, the horses were spirited, and above their work, and I felt timid on the occasion. Bad hours, and hard living had unnerved me, and I was fearful lest some accident should happen. Besides, I did not want to be too much with Maria, as my vanity suggested to me the possibility of her being mightily taken with my disposition and appearance. Pride, however, excited me to accept the reins, as it would give me an air in Paris: and

Digitized by Google

again, how to refuse Maria? I could not say, candidly, that I felt afraid.—In a word, I was "anxious, yet fearful too;" so calling for a glass of brandy, and adjusting my cravat at the glass, I went down stairs, handed in the lady, affected to look knowing, mounted the box, *threaded the ribbands*, and started in pride and self-conceit, mingled with fear and trembling. The grooms, who mounted up in the boot behind, eyed me with contempt, but Maria said that I drove very prettily, and I thought so too. This encouraged me; and never was Phæton more proud on obtaining his request of "*Fnque diem alipedum jus et moderamen equorum*," than I. I never saw the horses go so quietly. I thought that my light hand, and com-

Digitized by Google

prehensive genius were the cause. But the fact was, that the stud groom had driven his sweetheart out before breakfast, and to use a *stable* phrase, "had taken the shine out of them." Maria proposed going to St. Cloud, which I agreed to. I scarcely, however, knew what I was about, and being in ill-temper with the world, I ventured to *double thong a wheeler*. He sprung forward with vivacity; frightened the leaders, who ran off; and I was within an ace of overturning the whole concern. "How can you be so aukward?" cried Maria.—What a fall had my pride! "I was absent, madam," said I. "Aye; *absent without leave*," replied Maria, "which is a great military fault." "I did not do it on purpose,"

Digitized by Google

rejoined I, and home I drove at almost a walk—my hands cut with pulling at the horses. I could not bear the sight of Maria ever after.

She told me, however, on our return to the hotel, that she should for ever remember my kindness; and that she should immediately remove to another lodging, telling the people of the house that she was going into the country. She directed, that whatever pecuniary aid Mr. Matchem should think fit to give her, should be forwarded by *me* to *her*; and concluded by saying, that ill as Mr. M. had behaved, she could not bear parting;—indeed, that she hated taking leave of any one; so wiping a tear from her

Digitized by Google

eye-lid, she left the room.—A few hours subsequent to her departure, Matchem returned, and appeared in very high spirits. I told him what she had said. To which he answered: "All my eye;" send fifty to her for me, and I will pay you to-morrow; but come and sit down by me for awhile, till I tell you a most important discovery which I have made respecting Adelle."—"Adelle!" interrupted I. "Yes, Adelle." I wished he had been tongue-tied, but submitted. So fetching a deep sigh, down I sat, when he informed of what will be stated in the next volume.

END OF VOL. I.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

T. Lewis, Printer, 53, Minories, London.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google